

THE
ROYAL FOUNTAIN,

No. 3.

SACRED SONGS AND HYMNS

FOR USE IN

Sabbath-School or Prayer Meeting,

BY

JNO. R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Philadelphia: JOHN J. HOOD, 1018 Arch St.

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THE ROYAL FOUNTAIN.

Rescued.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Deep in the mire of sin My feet were sinking fast, And lowering o'er my head
Dark were the heavens above, Dark was the world below, No ray of light or love

Dense clouds their shadows cast; My trembling soul, o'er-whelm'd with grief, Could
To mit - i - gate my woe, 'Till Je - sus stooped to res - cue me, And

find no solace or re - lief, Could find no solace or re - lief.
bade my cap - tive soul be free, And bade my cap - tive soul be free.

3 Then, as an uncaged bird,
My spirit bounded forth,—
Began to use its wings,
And soared above the earth!
On Pisgah's summit now I rest,
In Heaven's own light supremely blest.

4 Here, on the mountain-top,
What scenes of beauty rise!—
Bright Canaan's golden shores,
Celestial, cloudless skies!
Enraptured with the glorious sight,
I can but *sing* for pure delight!

5 Such perfect freedom now,—
Such light, and love, and joy!
Such fellowship divine!
NEW SONGS my lips employ :—
How I delight his name to praise,
Who saved me by his matchless grace!

6 Now all my ransomed powers
To God alone are given,—
A living sacrifice
To him. On earth, in heaven,
The riches of his grace I'll sing,
To glorify my Saviour King!

Stand by the Blue.

W. G. T.

WM. G. TOMER.

Soli.

1. Let those who have donned the beautiful Blue To all of their vows be faithful and true; Let's
 2. Wherever we go, whatever we do, We'll keep in our mind the beautiful Blue; We'll
 3. Then up and at work, keep steady in view The banner of Right, the beautiful Blue; Be

show by our lives we've all bid adieu To brandy and rum and stand by the Blue.
 shun and despise in all we pursue, Both brandy and rum, and stand by the Blue.
 firm in the cause, forev - er eschew Both brandy and rum, and stand by the Blue.

CHORUS.

Stand by the Blue, stand by the Blue, Stand by the Blue, by the Blue; Let's

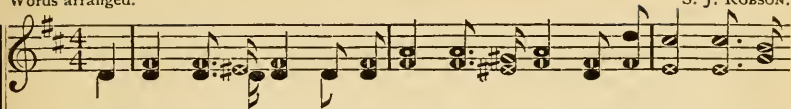
show by our lives we've all bid adieu To brandy and rum and stand by the Blue.

Come to the Fountain.

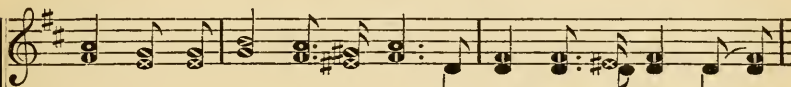
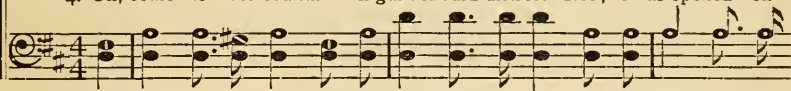
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Words arranged.

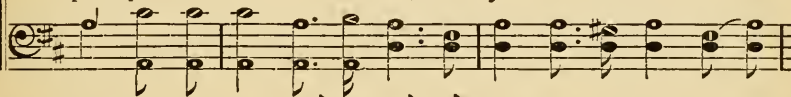
S. J. ROBSON.



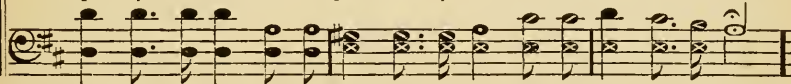
1. Oh, come to the fountain when morning is breaking, And life all a-
2. The Fount which above thee in freshness is gushing, Is Je - sus, the
3. Oh, come to the fountain at noontide, while bearing The bur - den and
4. Oh, come to the fountain if guilt should distress thee; 'Twas opened on



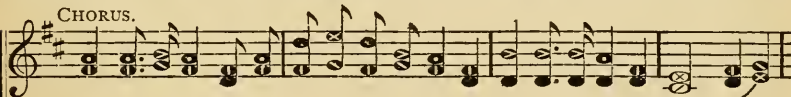
round thee is up on the wing; Oh, come, quench thy thirst up -
giv - er of life and of truth; While oth - ers to ru - in so
heat of life's wear - i - some day; For Je - sus will les - sen them'
pur - pose for sin - ners like thee; Here, Je - sus him - self will in



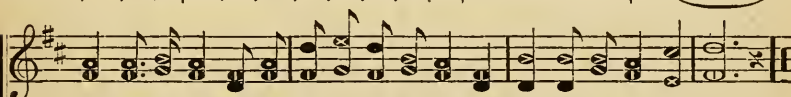
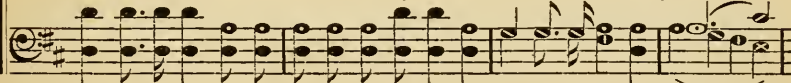
on thy first waking At heaven's own pure, in - ex - haust - i - ble spring.
mad - ly are rush - ing, Oh, give thou to him the first love of thy youth.
both by still sharing Each trouble and sorrow thou meet'st by the way,
pi - ty address thee: "Ye poor heav - y - lad - en ones, come un - to me."



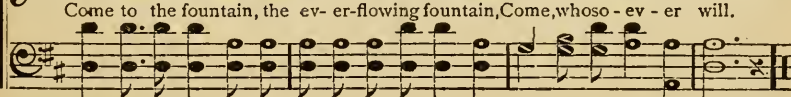
CHORUS.



Come to the fountain, the ev - er - flowing fountain, Come, for 'tis flowing still;



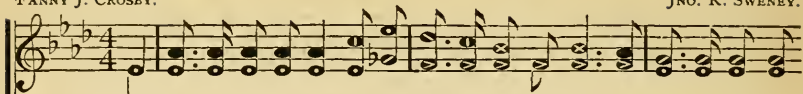
Come to the fountain, the ev - er - flowing fountain, Come, who so - ev - er will.



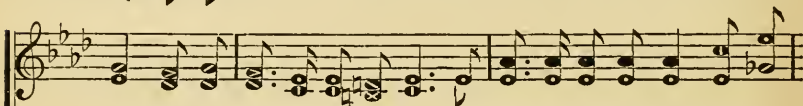
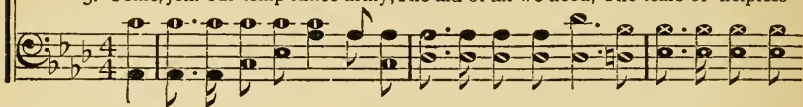
Strike for God and Victory.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

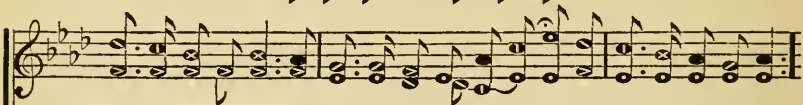
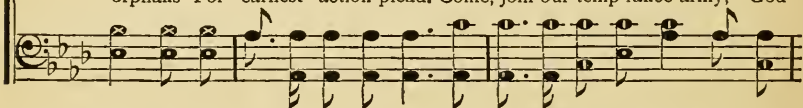
JNO. R. SWENEY.



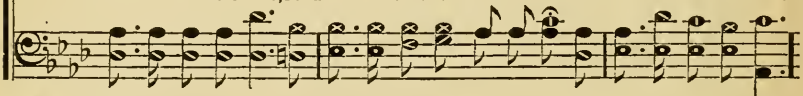
1. Unfurl our temp'rance banner And cheer it as we go, To meet, like valiant
2. Alas, what countless numbers The tempter's chains enslave, While step by step he
3. Come, join our temp'rance army, The aid of all we need, The tears of helpless



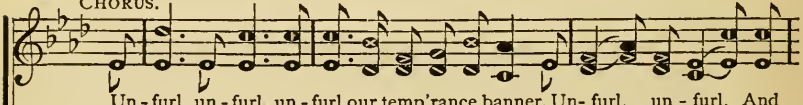
soldiers, Our country's deadly foe. Shall leagued oppression triumph? Shall leads them To ru - in and the grave. Through him whose arm will help us To orphans For earnest action plead. Come, join our temp'rance army, God



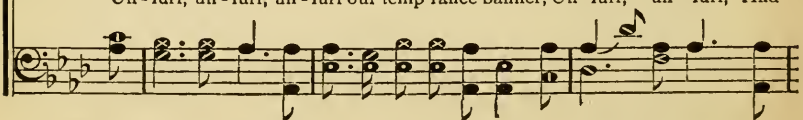
day be veiled in night? No! strike for God and victory, Human - i - ty and right. conquer in the fight, We'll strike for God and victory, Human - i - ty and right. bless our noble cause, And make us bold and fear - less To vindicate his laws.



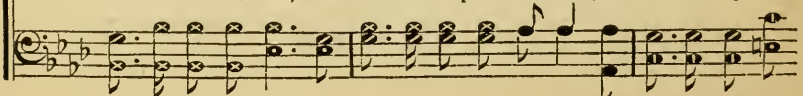
CHORUS.



Un - furl, un - furl, un - furl our temp'rance banner, Un - furl, un - furl, And



wave it with a will, Un - furl our temp'rance banner, Unfurl our temp'rance



banner; May thousands flock around it Our glorious ranks to fill.

Casting Shadows.

H. L. G.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. We all do cast a shadow, be it for good or bad, To help or hinder
 2. We all do cast a shadow, a word or act may lead Some weary one that's
 3. We all do cast a shadow, a look, perchance, a tear May so impress the
 4. Then let our future shadows be of that healthful kind That others, seeing,

some poor soul that's pressing on to God, For as the Spir - it leads us and wand - er - ing to see his ut - ter need Of Je - sus and sal - va - tion, the care - less that have no hope, or cheer, No friends to help them onward to are impressed, and seek for love divine; And if by prayer - ful ef - fort a

we o - bedient are, The des - ti - nies of some are fixed for glo - ry or despair. greatest boon to man; So rich in all its ful - ness: oh! seek it while you can. happiness and God, Who rest at ease beneath his frown, his fearful wrath and rod! wand'r'er we reclaim, To God be all the glo - ry, now, ev - er - more, a - men.

Touch not nor Taste.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Touch not nor taste the sparkling cup, That lures to grief and pain, That
2. But lift, with ten-der, pit-ying hand, Its vic-tims from the dust; Re-

wound-eth like a ser-pent's fangs, Destroy-ing heart and brain: Touch
proach them not, nor chide their wrong, Be kind as well as just: A

not nor taste the sparkling cup, Nor in its rev-els share; A-
word may touch a sleep-ing chord Of mem'-ry pure and sweet, And

Cres - - - cen - - - do.

way! a-way! Re-mem-ber this,— God's blessing is not there.
bring them, sor-ry for their sins, To bow at Je-sus' feet.

CHORUS.

Touch not nor taste the sparkling cup, That lures to grief and pain ; That
to grief and pain,

wound-eth like a ser-pent's fangs, De-destroy-ing heart and brain.

3 Go, seek them out,—poor, wand'ring sheep,
That, on the mountain cold,
Are hungry,—starving now for bread,—
Go, lead them to the fold :

There comes a cheering thought to those
Who toil in patient love,—
Each soul reclaimed shall be a star
To deck their crown above.

God is Love.

Tune, BARTIMEUS, 8, 7.

1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove
From the gloom his mercy streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Every-where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Be Thou Faithful.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. How goes the bat - tle, broth - er? What news a - long the line?
 2. How goes the bat - tle, broth - er? There's glo - ry on be - fore,
 3. How goes the bat - tle, broth - er? Canst look a - bove the storm?
 4. How goes the bat - tle, broth - er? I hear our Lead - er's voice;

Dost see our ho - ly standard A - bove the ramparts shine,
 Though some fall by the way - side, And some are wounded sore;
 God's hosts are press - ing on - ward, The con - flict wax - es warm;
 It rings a - bove the con - flict, It bids us all re - joice.

The foe is charging on us, But God is on our side;
 But midst the toil and sor - row, The cross is lift - ed high;
 The ranks of sin are break - ing, Our lead - er cheers us on;
 O ar - mies of sal - va - tion, How great is your re - ward;

We must not shrink from dan - ger, Who serve the cru - ci - fied;
 Press on in faith u - ni - ted, We con - quer when we die;
 Be brave a lit - tle lon - ger, The day is al - most won,
 The vic - to - ry is cer - tain To those who trust the Lord;

The voi - ces of our com - rades, They ring a - bove the field,
 "Be faith - ful" gasp the dy - ing, — Their last words whis - per cheer,
 Above the dust, the blood, the tears, An an - gel chor - us rings,
 The glorious voice of Je - sus, It cheers us on be - fore;

The cry is "no sur - ren - der,— Fight on and nev - er yield;"
 Fill up the ranks for Je - sus, And leave no place for fear;
 "Be faith - ful, fel - low sol - diers, Ye serve the King of kings,"
 'Tis sweet - er than the an - gels'-song Up - on the gold - en shore.

CHORUS.

Be faith - ful, O be faith - ful, Soon ends the bat - tle strife;

O be thou faith - ful un - to death, And win a crown of life.

Key Ab.

TAKE ME AS I AM.

Tune in THE GARNER, p. 60.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidst me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Chorus.—Take me as I am,
 Take me as I am;
 Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
 And take me as I am.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Key Bb.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Tune, WEBB.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
 From victory unto victory
 His army he shall lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,—
 Ye dare not trust your own;

Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song;
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be,
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally.

Fill Up the Cup.

C. L. SHACKLOCK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Fill up, fill up the crystal cup! The water pure is flowing From
2. But shun the wine! the ru - by wine! Tho' friends the cup are filling; Be -

dis - tant hills, in sparkling rills, Thro' fields where flow'rs are growing; At
neath its glow there lurks a foe, A poi - son rank dis - till - ing! The

dawn of light the dew-drops bright On leaf and grass are gleaming, Like
light of home, the joys to come, The peace which God be - stow - eth, Thou

jew - els rare, be - yond compare, To greet the morning's beaming.
must re - sign, if ru - by wine In - to thy chal - ice flow - eth.

CHORUS.

Fill up the cup! Fill up the crystal cup! Fill up the crystal cup! The

⊙ ⊗ ⊕ ⊖ ⊗ ⊕ ⊖

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Water, wa-ter, water, wa-ter, water bright is flowing, From distant hills, in
From distant hills,
spark - ling rills, Thro' fields where flow'rs are grow - ing.
in sparkling rills, Thro' fields where flow'rs are grow - ing.

Who will Accept Him To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A message of mercy, a message of love, Like music it falls on the ear,
2. O think of the seasons of pleasure you lose While still you are out of the fold,
3. He calls, he entreats you in language so sweet To come to his arms while you may,
4. He waits to receive you, he longs to forgive, And make you the heirs of his grace,

Fine.

It speaks to the aged, it speaks to the young, And all who are willing to hear.
And yet in a moment 'tis yours to en-joy A bliss that can never be told.
You cannot live alway, life's moments are brief, Then who will accept him to-day.
And fit you to dwell in the mansions of light, Where he will prepare you a place.

D. S. In - vit - ing poor sinners to come to him now, O who will accept him to - day?

CHORUS.

A message of mercy, a message of love, From Je - sus the light and the way,

Beautiful Hands.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Such beau - ti - ful, beauti - ful hands, They're neith - er white nor small,
2. Such beau - ti - ful, beauti - ful hands; Tho' her heart was weary and sad

And you, I know, would scarcely think That they were fair at - all;
These patient hands kept toiling on That the children might be glad;

I've looked on hands of form and hue A sculptor's dream might be,
I of - ten weep, as looking back To childhood's distant day,

Yet are these a - ged, wrinkled hands Most beau - ti - ful to me.
And think how these hands rested not When mine were at their play.

3 Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're growing feeble now,
And tears and toil have left their mark
On hand, and heart and brow;
Alas, alas! the nearing time,
The sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight
These hands will folded be.

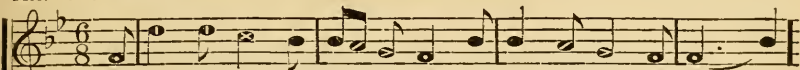
4 But beyond these shadowy lands,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams through endless
Flow over golden sands, [years
And where the old grow young again,
'I'll clasp my mother's hands.

My Boy is on the Street to-night.

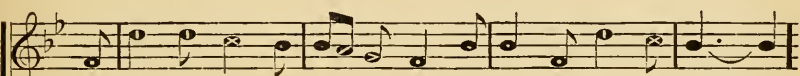
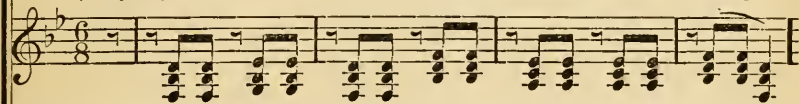
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Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

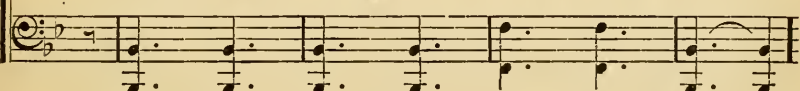
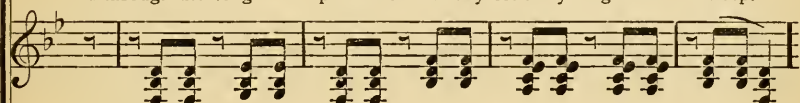
E. O. EXCELL.



1. My boy is on the street to-night! But oh, I know not where;
2. My boy is on the street to-night! The storm is dark and wild,
3. My boy is on the street to-night! I saw his face to-day,
4. My boy is on the street to-night! But love can never sleep,



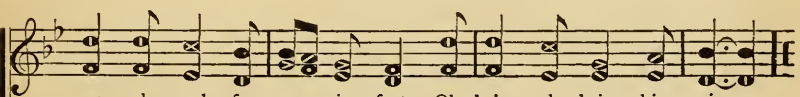
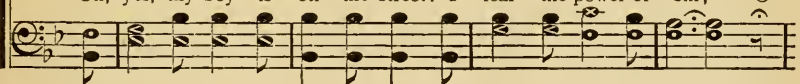
I know temp-ta-tion lurketh near, And sin has spread a snare.
 And bit-ter foes, on ru-in bent, Pur-sue my wand'ring child.
 It bears the stamp of sin and death, And passions on him prey.
 I through the long and painful hours My lone-ly vig-il keep.



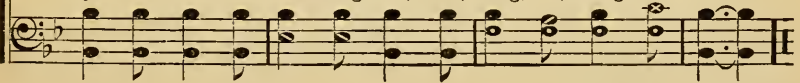
CHORUS.



Oh, yes, my boy is on the street! I fear the power of sin; O



ye who seek for er-ring feet, Oh, bring, oh, bring him in.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

1. Out on the desert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je - sus looking for thee;
 2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, O what compassion beams in his eye,
 3. Lov - ing - ly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mer - cy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;
 4. Spir - its in glo - ry, watching, watching, Long to be - hold thee safe in the fold;

Ten - der - ly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, O come un - to me.
 Hear him re - peat - ing gently, gently, Come to thy Saviour, O why wilt thou die.
 Thou canst be happy, happy, happy, Come, ere thy life - star for - ev - er shall set.
 An - gels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?

CHORUS.

Je - sus is looking, Je - sus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tar - ry a - way?

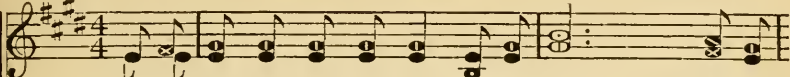
Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to - day.

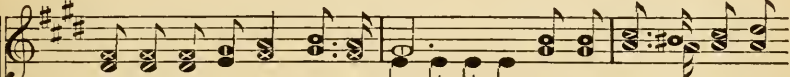
Soul of Mine.

15

FLORENCE MILLER.

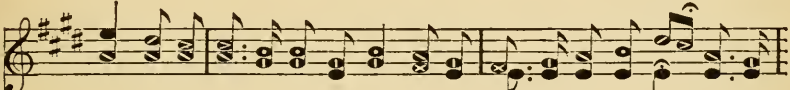
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

- 
1. I've glad tid - ings of great joy, Soul of mine; I've a
 2. Thou shalt know his lov - ing face, Soul of mine; Beaming
 3. Oh, then love him more and more, Soul of mine; Till thou
- Soul of mine;

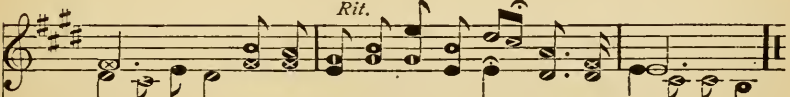


peace without al - loy, Soul of mine; Je - sus died up - on the
o'er with tender grace, Soul of mine; Like the Shar-on rose in -
touch that blissful shore, Soul of mine; Life and love there sat - is -

Soul of mine;



tree, And he comes to make thee free; O his bless - ed form I see, Soul of
bloom, Like the sun at highest noon; He'll dispel thy deepest gloom, Soul of
fied, Rest thee gently at his side, Ever rest, a glorious bride, Soul of



Rit.

mine; O his blessed form I see! Soul of mine.
mine; He'll dispel thy deepest gloom, Soul of mine.
mine; Ev - er rest, a glorious bride, Soul of mine.

Soul of mine;

Soul of mine.

All are Mine.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All are mine, thou ho - ly Je - sus, All thy bles - sed words di - vine;
 2. All thy prom - is - es of par - don, Com - ing from the throne above,
 3. All thy prom - is - es of com - fort, Ev - ery promise of re - lief;
 4. All thy prom - is - es e - ter - nal, Hon - ored in the a - ges past,

All thy prom - is - es of fa - vor, All are mine, for - ev - er mine.
 All thy prom - is - es of cleansing, All thy prom - is - es of love.
 All thy prom - is - es of gladness, Prom - is - es of joy in grief.
 Words which must remain un - brok - en, Prom - is - es of heav'n at last.

CHORUS.

All are mine, Oh, matchless mer - cy! Oh, how boundless is the store!

All thy prom - is - es of fa - vor, All are mine for - ev - er more.

Soldiers of the Temperance Army.

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FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. See the loyal temp'rance arm - y Mov - ing on with gallant tread,
 2. See their glorious ban - ner wav - ing, Truth's e - ter - nal sword they bear,
 3. They must meet a lawless ty - rant, They must help to break his chain,
 4. Friends of temp'rance, rally round them, Come and join their loy - al band,

Bold and fearless, brave and stead - y, By a great Commander led.
 They are go - ing forth to con - quest, Soon its laurels they will share.
 They must bring his many vic - tims Back to virtues path a - gain.
 In the cause of right and jus - tice Give your wealth, your heart and hand.

CHORUS.

Hark the song, hark the song, While they proudly, proudly march a - long;
 Hark, hark the song, hark, hark the song,

Soldiers of the temp'rance arm - y In the Lord their hearts are strong.

Ah! 'tis the Old, Old Story.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Tempted and led a - stray, . . .
 2. Robbing the heart of lightness, . . . Los-ing the bloom of youth, . . .
 3. But, in an old, old stor - y, . . . Full of a grace di - vine, . . .

Leaving the path of dut - y, . . . Choosing the e - vil way, . . .
 Dimming the eyes' glad brightness, . . . Stilling the voice of truth, . . .
 There is a - bun - dant par - don, . . . Ev-en for sin like thine, . . .

Breaking the hearts of moth - ers, . . . Slighting their fer - vent prayers, . . .
 Missing the pride of manhood, . . . Missing a no - ble aim, . . .
 Now, with a con - trite spir - it, . . . Turn from the ways of sin, . . .

Sowing the seed which bringeth . . . On - ly a wealth of tares, . . .
 Gaining a ship-wrecked nature, . . . Gaining a sul - lied name, . . .
 Knock at the gate of heav - en, . . . Entrance thy soul shall win, . . .

CHORUS.

Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y,
Last cho. - Yes, 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Yes, 'tis the old, old stor - y,

Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Tempted and led a - stray. .
 Yes, 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Full of a grace di - vine. .

Strike, Soldiers, Strike!

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Strike, soldiers, strike, the time has come, Yield no more to the ty - rant rum;
2. Fight, heroes, fight your land to free, The trade is e - vil, all a - gree;
3. Fight, soldiers, fight for op - tion laws, None have fought for 'a bet - ter cause;
4. Hail, freemen, hail; stand for your right, Armed from above with heavenly might;

Your country calls from depths of shame, Ban - ish for - ev - er the drunkard's name.
 Ma - jes - tic law, the on - ly king, Can drive away the whiskey ring.
 Nobler bat - tle was nev - er won, Come to the res - cue, ev - 'ry son.
 Hurrah, hurrah, the shouts you hear, Temperance men, the day is near.

CHORUS.

Strike, strike, strike, soldiers, strike, Down for - ev - er with the ty - rant rum;
 strike, strike,

Strike, strike, strike, soldiers, strike, Strike for the time has come.
 strike, strike,

Lift up the Fallen.

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. What tongue can de-cribe the wreck and the ru - in? What
 2. All ru - ined and help - less, the wrecks lie a - round us, Loud
 3. There's hope for the fall - en, hang out the ban - ner, And

dirge can be - wail the curse of the land? The curse that is fill - ing the
 call - ing for pit - y, im - plor - ing for aid, Now Je - sus is an - swer - ing,
 write on its beauty, that Je - sus is love, Then gird on the ar - mor of

grave so dis - hon - ored, — To save a poor brother, oh, stretch out the hand.
 I can de - liv - er, Still trust in my pow - er, and be not a - fraid.
 strength from Je - ho - vah, For help for the fall - en must come from a - bove.

CHORUS.

Pit - y the wan - der - er, lift up the fall - en, Je - sus is

a - ble the lost ones to save; Je - sus is will - ing,

Je - sus is read - y, Je - sus is a - ble the lost ones to save.

Forgiveness Full and Free.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

S. J. ROBSON.

1. A crown of thorns he wore, My sins the thorns sup - plied;
 2. My stubborn thoughts have nailed My Sav - iour to the tree;
 3. My sin - ful hands have held The spear that pierced my Lord;
 4. My way - ward feet have turned, And wander'd from his face;

A hea - vy cross he bore, On him that cross I laid:
 My cru - el words as - sailed His life - long pur - i - ty.
 My hard - en'd heart re - belled A - gainst his lov - ing word:
 His rich - est gifts I've spurned, And trampled on his grace:

CHORUS.

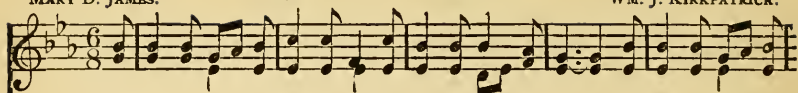
Yet, O for - give - ness full and free The dy - ing Sav - iour grants to me;

For me, oh, yes, for ev - en me, There is for - give - ness full and free!

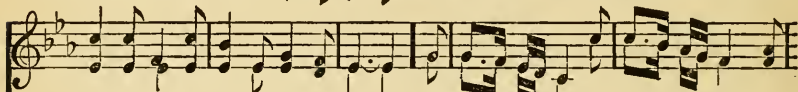
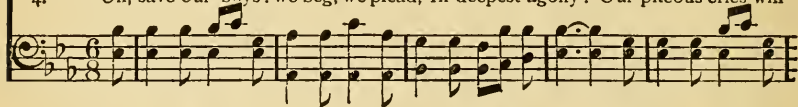
Save our Boys.

MARY D. JAMES.

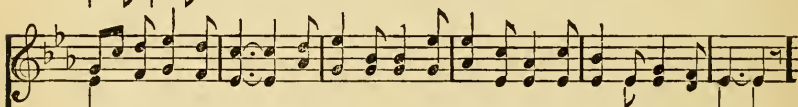
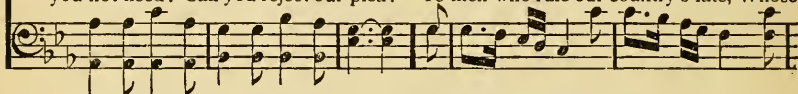
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



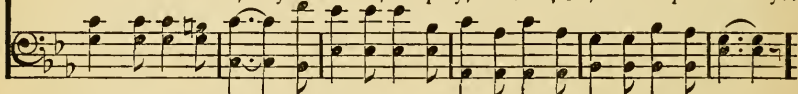
1. Oh, save our boys, our cherish'd boys, The poison'd cup remove, Which with its deadly
2. To many a joyous, happy home, Where all was pure and bright, The demon Alcho-
3. The tears of anguish, how they flow, As rivers thro' our land! And wives and mothers,
4. Oh, save our boys! we beg, we plead, In deepest agony! Our piteous cries will



draught destroys The objects of our love: Their feet are drawn in sin's dark way, Which
 hol has come, And spread his cruel blight! Oh, save our boys! how can we see The
 crushed with woe, As pleading suppliants stand: Ah! many a mother's stricken soul Ap-
 you not heed! Can you reject our plea? Ye men who rule our country's fate, Whose



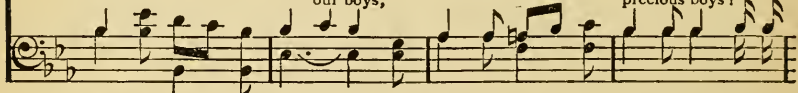
leads to endless woe; And many a loved one goes astray, Oh! shall our darlings go!
 jew-els of our home Sunk down in sin and misery? Come to their rescue, Come!
 peals to you for aid, Who rum's dire influence can control; Say, shall the tide be stayed?
 votes control our laws, To you we look, and pray, and wait; Oh, save our precious boys!



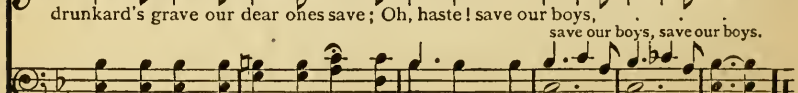
CHORUS.



Save, oh, save our boys! Our precious, pre - cious boys! From the
 our boys, precious boys!

*poco rit.**a tempo.*

drunkard's grave our dear ones save; Oh, haste! save our boys,
 save our boys, save our boys.



Temperance Recruiting Song.

23

W. P. JEFFERY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

INST.

1. I hear a murmur in the air, a tumult in the street, I list-en to a
2. Our famous cit - y merchants are the first to take the lead, For if the foe should
3. The bakers come to place their names upon the muster roll, And cobblers with the
4. The carpenters have also come, and joiners *join* the train, That they can *floor* the
5. Shine forth, oh, glorious sun, shine forth with bright and joyful ray, Shine on these Sons of

measured tramp, as from a thousand feet; I see a mighty host draw near—on,
meet with them he would be *checked* indeed; And clerks come in their thousands too, well
temp'rance *salve* to heal up every *soul*; The tailors, too, a *measuring* band, *press*
en - e - my to all the world is *plain*, And masons *work* their *level* best, with
temperance and cheer them on their way; God send them all a grand success, un-

onward still they come; It is the temp'rance army, sworn to fight the hosts of rum,
armed with pen and ink, To strike a deadly *balance-sheet* against the demon drink.
onward one by one, To *fell* the *goose*, intemp'rance, with the deadly *needle-gun*.
trowel, square and plumb, To build a mighty sep-ul-chre for whiskey, beer and rum,
til the foe be slain, The dreadful curse beneath their feet, to never rise a-gain.

CHORUS.

MIXED VOICES.

They are coming, coming, coming, friends, an arm - y brave and strong, *m.*

INSTRUMENT. *m.*

Arpeggio.

MALE VOICES. *m.*

They are coming, coming, coming, friends, an arm - y brave and strong, *m.*

Cres. Marching forth to meet the foe and bat - tle 'gainst the wrong; Let *p*

Cres. Marching forth to meet the foe and bat - tle 'gainst the wrong; Let *p*

ev - ery soul that loves the right u - nite with heart and hand To

p

ev - ery soul that loves the right u - nite with heart and hand To

Cres. *ff*

crush in - temp'rance to the earth, and wipe it from the land.

Cres. *ff*

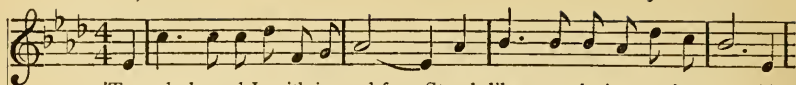
Cres. *ff*

crush in - temp'rance to the earth, and wipe it from the land.

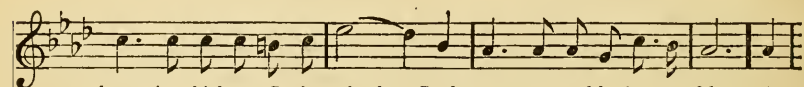
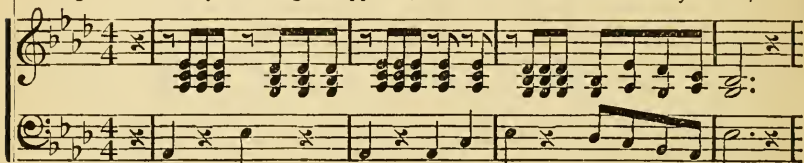
Lift up the Latch.

Rev. E. H. NEVIN, D. D.

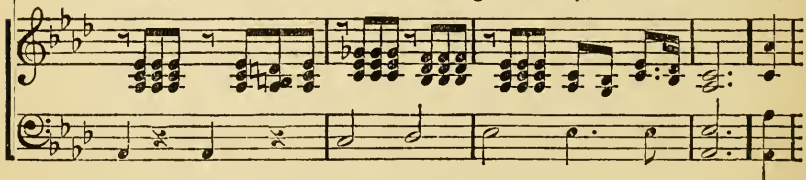
JNO. R. SWENEY.



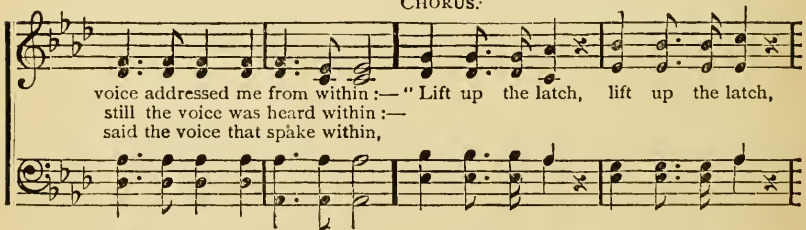
1. 'Twas dark, and I, with inward fear, Stood like a culprit, weeping, near The
2. But in my deepest heart I knew That I had sinned, and basely too; I
3. But I would rather not comply Un - til my soul to mend I try; I
4. "Not now," I said, "'twill do again, When I am free from all my pain; No
5. With all my sin and guilt opprest, With heart of stone within my breast, Dear



house in which my Saviour dwelt; Such pang my soul had never felt, A
trifled with his blood and tears, And slighted him for months and years. But }
need a bet-ter heart be-fore I could be welcome at the door; But }
sighing ones are want-ed there, Where songs of gladness fill the air." But }
Saviour, wouldst thou honored be With guest unholy, vile, like me?" "Yes,"



CHORUS:



voice addressed me from within:—"Lift up the latch, lift up the latch,
still the voice was heard within:—
said the voice that spake within,



Lift up the latch, and en - ter in, Lift up the latch, and en - ter in."

No Room.

27

Suggested by a remark made by Mr. Moody, "Supposing there was no more room in heaven."

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. It was said, and oh, I can hard - ly tell How sad - ly the
2. And all through the breadth of the heaven - ly land The mansions were

news on my spir - it fell, That the heaven - ly world, all bright and
man - y, and great, and grand; But all were full, there was room for no

fair, Was so full that no more could en - ter there,
more, And bolt - ed and barred was the en - trance door,

Rit.
Was so full that no more could en - ter there!
And bolt - ed and barred was the en - trance door.

3 O my soul went down in deep despair,
As I said, no room—no room for me there;
No room for me there, no crown and no rest,
No fellowship sweet—for me—with the blest.

4 But soon as I turned to the word of God,
I found there was room in the Saviour's blood;
It was sin that had brought my soul in gloom,
It was sin that had said, no room, no room!

5 I found there was room since the Saviour
died;
There was room—still room for the purified;
To all such, at last, a crown shall be given,
For sin, sin alone, can exclude from heaven!

6 Oh, then, to my Lord this moment I'll fly;
That I may be cleansed from sin's deepest dye,
So that when I arise from death's dark gloom,
All heaven shall cry, *there is room, still room!*

The Dead March.

MARY T. LATHROP.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

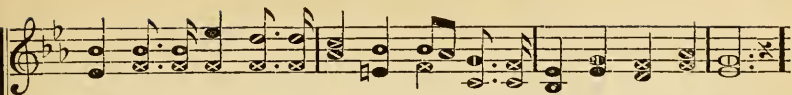
p. *m.*

1. Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way, March the feet of a mil-lion
 2. Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom, Out of boy-hood pure and
 3. Tramp, tramp, tramp till a drunkard's grave Hides the brok-en life of

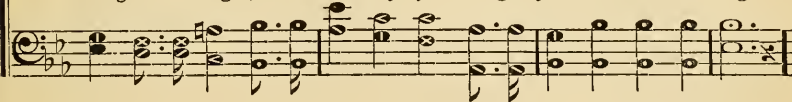
men, If none shall pit-y and none shall save, Where will
 fair, O-ver the thoughts of love and home, Past the
 shame, While souls that Je-sus has died to save Meet a
 tramp, tramp, tramp,

all this marching end? The young, the strong, and the
 check of a mother's prayer, On-ward and swift to a
 fut-ure we dare not name; God help us all—there's a
 tramp, tramp, tramp,

old are there, In woeful ranks as they hur-ry past
 drunkard's crime, O-ver the plea of the wife and child,
 cross to bear, And work to do for the might-y throng;
 tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,



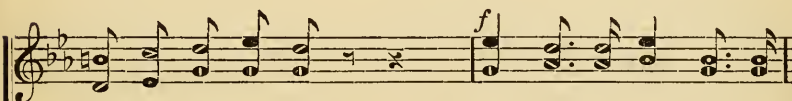
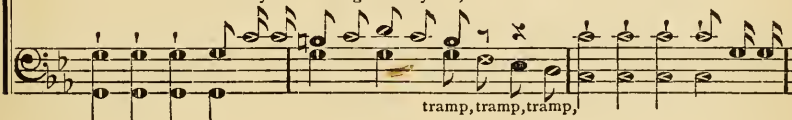
With not a moment to think or care What the fate that comes at last.
 O - ver the ho - li - est ties of time, Reason lost, and soul gone wild.
 God give us strength, till the toil and prayer Shall give place to the victor's song.



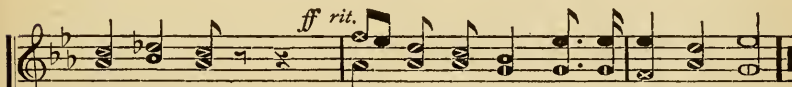
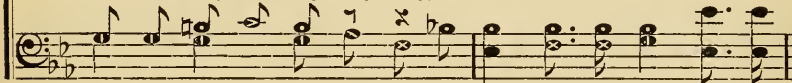
CHORUS.



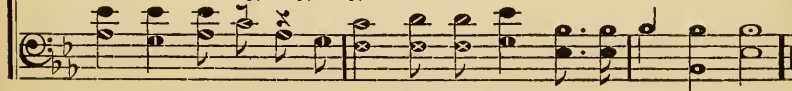
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, What a
 They are rushing mad - ly on,



fear - ful, gha - st - ly throng; Rouse, Christian, rouse ere it
 tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,



be too late, Res - cue these souls from the drunkard's fate.
 tramp, tramp, tramp,



I now belong to Jesus.

"Ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. vi. 20.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I now be-long to Je - sus! I've giv - en him my heart; No
 2. I now be-long to Je - sus! I've giv - en him my soul; He
 3. I now be-long to Je - sus! I've giv - en him my all, 'Tis

D. C. I now be-long to Je - sus! I've giv - en him my heart; No

Fine.

more in my af - fec - tions This world shall share a part,
 gives me grace and cleans - ing, His blood hath made me whole.
 thine, O pre - cious Sav - iour, 'Tis thine, be - yond re - call.

more in my af - fec - tions This world shall share a part.

Key of D.

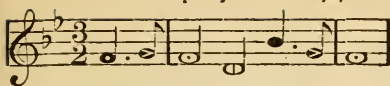
Too long my life was sin - ful, My heart too long de - prav'd;
 He leads me by his coun - sel, And keeps me all the day;
 O, keep me now from fall - ing, Sus - tain me by thy grace,

Key of G.

I now be-long to Je - sus, By whose free grace I'm saved.
 I now be-long to Je - sus, And walk the nar - row way. *D. C.*
 And grant me, with thy ran - som'd, In heav'n a dwell - ing - place.

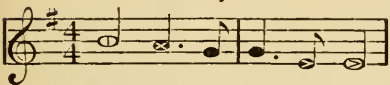
Toplady.

7s, 6 l.



- 1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

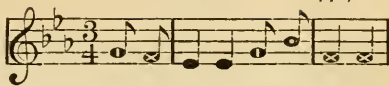
Bethany.



- 1 NEARER my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

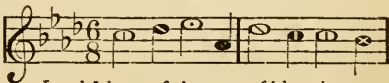
Nettleton.

8s, 7s, D.



- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prono to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prono to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

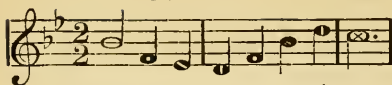
Even Me.



- 1 Lord I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me,
Even me.
- 2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

Northfield.

C.M.



- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

Greenville.

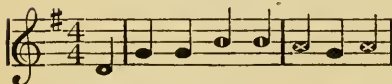
8s, 7s, D.



- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore:
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more,
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him!
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Coronation.

C.M.



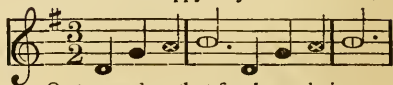
- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all,

Happy Day.

L.M.



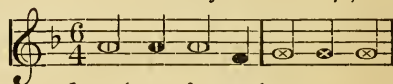
- 1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 3 Now rest, my long divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

Martyn.

7s, D.



- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Redeeming Love.

J. A. C.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Re-deeming love! Re-deeming love! This is the theme of saints a-
 2. The an-gel hosts all wond'ring see, And long to solve the mys-ter-
 3. And here on earth the pow'r is given To sing the sweet-est song of

bove,— Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! Ar-ray'd in
 y Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! Ea-ger their
 heaven,—Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! And our poor

heav'n's own spot-less white, Chant they this song with pure de-light,—
 gold-en harps to tune With saints redeem'd, now round the throne.
 voic-es e'en to raise In notes of loud and joy-ful praise,—

Re-deeming love! Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love!

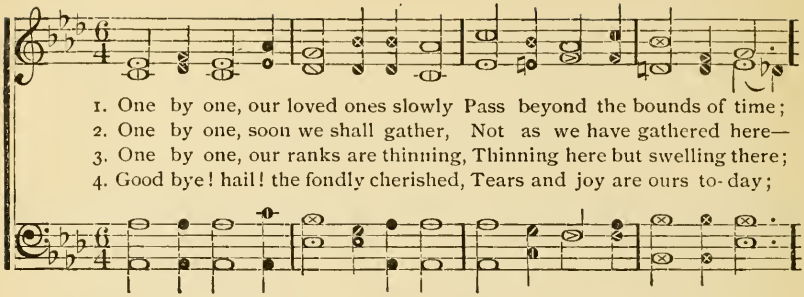
4 O! shout aloud, ye sons of men,
 Tell the glad tidings o'er again,—
 Redeeming love! Redeeming love!
 From east to west, from south to north,
 Still let the sound go reaching forth,—
 Redeeming love! Redeeming love!

5 Let distant lands take up the strain,
 Till love on earth entire shall reign,
 Redeeming love! Redeeming love!
 O earth, be glad! O heaven, above,
 Sing ye the song,—Redeeming love!
 Redeeming love! Redeeming love!

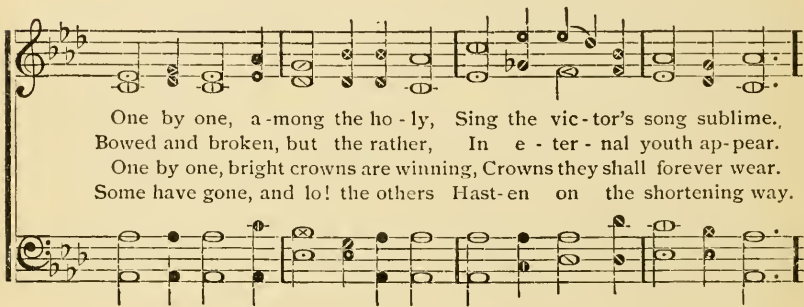
One by One.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

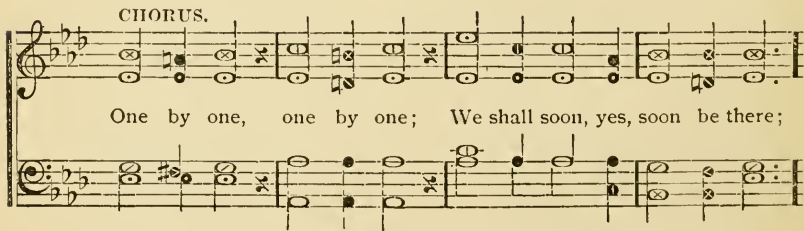


1. One by one, our loved ones slowly Pass beyond the bounds of time;
2. One by one, soon we shall gather, Not as we have gathered here—
3. One by one, our ranks are thinning, Thinning here but swelling there;
4. Good bye! hail! the fondly cherished, Tears and joy are ours to-day;

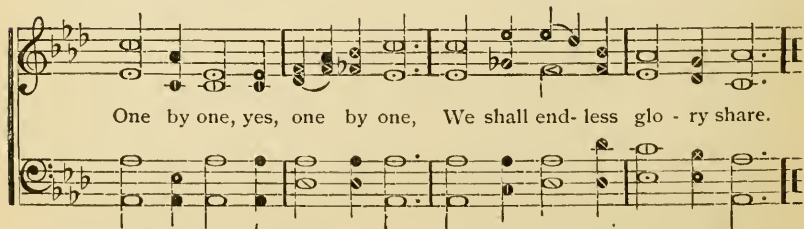


One by one, a-mong the ho-ly, Sing the vic-tor's song sublime,
Bowed and broken, but the rather, In e-ter-nal youth ap-pear.
One by one, bright crowns are winning, Crowns they shall forever wear.
Some have gone, and lo! the others Hast-en on the shortening way.

CHORUS.



One by one, one by one; We shall soon, yes, soon be there;



One by one, yes, one by one, We shall end-less glo-ry share.

Washed White as Snow.

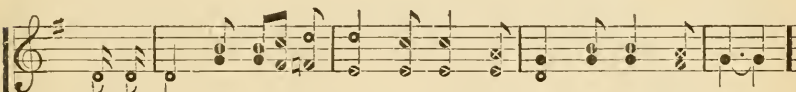
5

FANNY J. CROSBY.

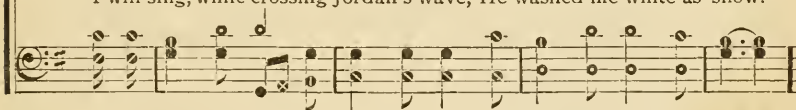
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the healing stream my feet were led,
2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to 'him confessed my guilt and sin,
3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live,
4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his triumph o'er the grave,



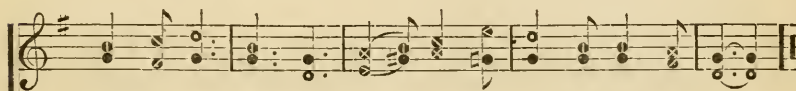
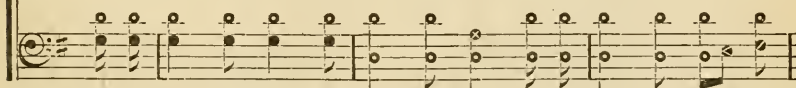
In the precious blood my Sav-iour shed He washed me white as snow.
With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.
What a calm sweet peace did I receive,—He washed me white as snow.
I will sing, while crossing Jordan's wave, He washed me white as snow.



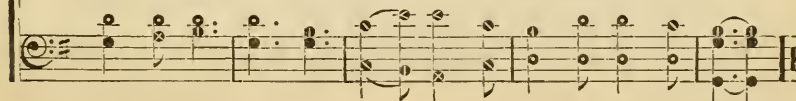
CHORUS.



O, my joy - ful song henceforth shall be, 'Tis the blood of Je - sus



cleans-eth me, Cleans-eth, cleans-eth, Oh, yes, it cleanseth me.



The Beloved.

H. M. BRADLEY.

THOS. O. LOWE.

1. Down in the val-ley, a-mong the sweet lilies, Walks my Belov-ed, his
 2. Know'st thou I seek thee? oh, haste to discov-er Where is the place of thy
 3. Now I approach thee, oh, fair-est Redeemer, Lured by thy beauty to
 4. Gen-tler thy voice than the whisper of angels, Brighter thy smile than the

footprints I see; Haste I to fol-low thee, Saviour and Lov-er,
 frag-rant re-treat—Where thou dost rest with thy flocks at the noon-tide,
 dwell in thy love; Hide not thy face from the heart that adores thee,
 sun in the sky; Gath-er me ten-der-ly, close to thy bo-som,

CHORUS.

How the winds whisper thy dear name to me! Oh, my be-loved Lord!
 Shelter'd near fountains unsearch'd by the heat.
 Hast thou not sought me and call'd me thy Dove?
 Faint with thy lov-li-ness thus let me die.

For me thy life-blood pour'd, Thou blessed Son of God, Jesus my Lord

Secret Prayer.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."—Matt. vi. 6.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Lord, my strength and my Redeemer, Ev - er mindful would I be
 2. When my soul is ov - er-burdened, And my faith is sore-ly tried,
 3. As the mist be-fore the morning In - to brightness fades a - way,

CHO.—Precious moments, precious moments, When the world, with all its care,

Fine.
 Of the ma - ny, ma - ny blessings By thy hand bestowed on me;
 When the watchful, wa - ry tempter Scatters thorns on ev' - ry side,
 As the dew-drops melt and van - ish At the sunlight's golden ray,
 Is for - gotten in the rapture That is mine in se - cret prayer!

But the purest and the sweetest Is the ho - - ly joy I share
 To the friend that never fails me Like a bird . . . I still can flee,
 So the clouds that hang a - bove me, And the sha - dows, all de - part.

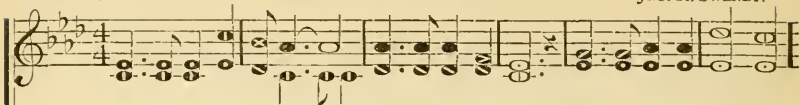
D.S.
 When I go a - lone in se - cret And commune with thee in prayer.
 And alone, where none can hear me, I can tell it all to thee.
 When the nearness of thy presence With its glo - - ry fills my heart.

Open the Door.

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door."—Rev. iii. 20.

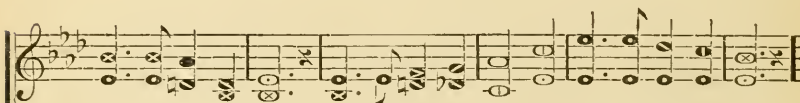
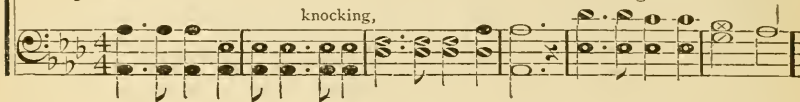
Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

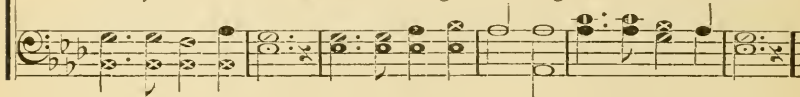


1. Hark, there's some one knocking, Standing at thy door; Long he has been waiting,
2. Lo, his arms are la - den, — Gifts of love for thee He to-day is bearing, —
3. What if he should leave thee, Never more should come Asking for ad - mittance

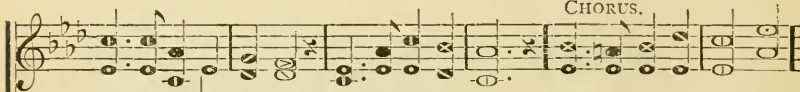
knocking,



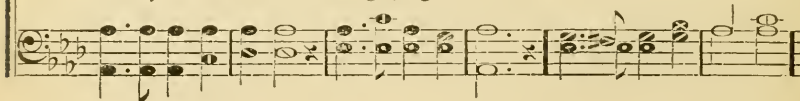
Knocked, and knocked before; Lo, his mien is roy - al! He would be thy guest;
Treasures rich and free; Oh, wilt thou re - fuse him, Fill thy soul with sin,
To thy humble home? Who would bring thee blessing? Who would then remove



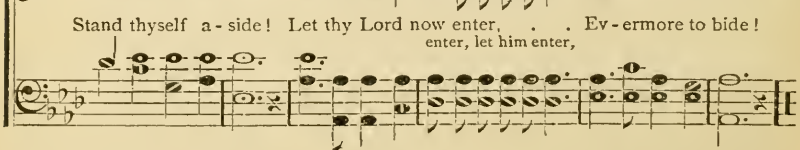
CHORUS.



Wilt thou bid him en - ter, Be fore - er blest? Throw the door wide o - pen!
So the Lord of glo - ry Cannot en - ter in?
All thy sin and darkness, Bringing light and love?



Stand thyself a - side! Let thy Lord now enter, . . . Ev - ermore to bide!
enter, let him enter,

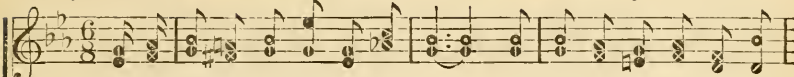


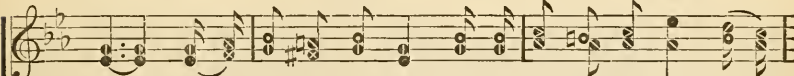
In the Cleft of the Rock.

13

Mrs. J. C. YULB.

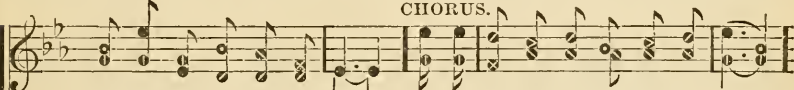
JNO. R. SWENEY.

- 
1. In the Rock that is high-er than I In peace I am resting to-
 2. In the Rock that is high-er than I,— The Rock that was rent for my
 3. In the Rock that is high-er than I,— That-is stronger than earth or than
 4. O, the Rock that is high-er than I,— I hide in the cleft of his

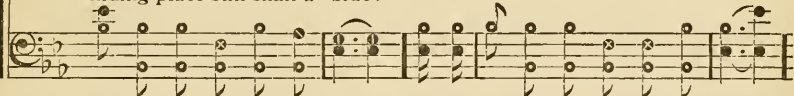


day, And the clouds that hung dark O'er my storm-driven bark Are
 sin,— In the cleft of the Rock, Where there cometh no shock, I am
 hell,— With nev - er a fear, Tho' the storm rages near, In
 side, And I know that for aye, Tho' the worlds pass away, My

CHORUS.



rolled from the heavens a - way. O, the Rock that is higher than I!
 hiding; by mercy shut in!
 peace and as-surance I dwell!
 hiding-place still shall a - bide!



Blessed Rock that is high-er than I! Safe sheltered I rest, Where no



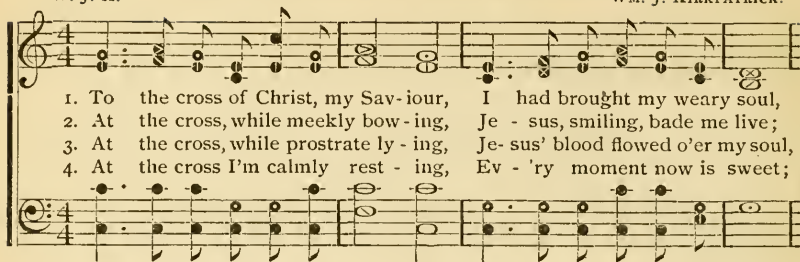
ills can mo - lest, In the Rock that is high - er than I!



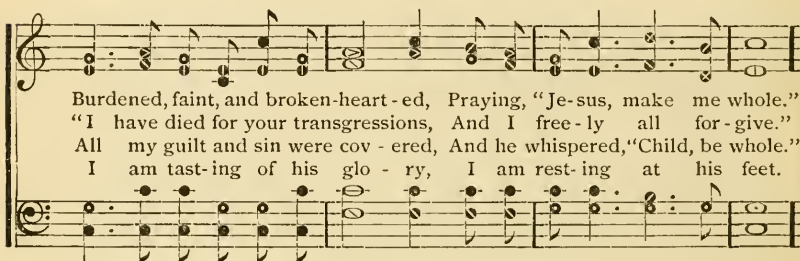
Resting at the Cross.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

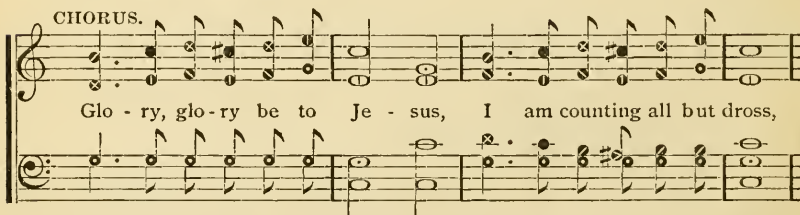


1. To the cross of Christ, my Sav- iour, I had brought my weary soul,
 2. At the cross, while meekly bow- ing, Je- sus, smiling, bade me live;
 3. At the cross, while prostrate ly- ing, Je- sus' blood flowed o'er my soul,
 4. At the cross I'm calmly rest- ing, Ev- 'ry moment now is sweet;

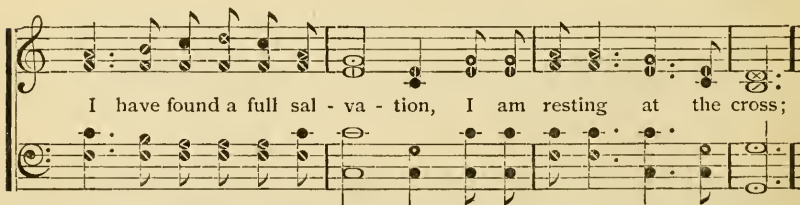


Burdened, faint, and broken-heart- ed, Praying, "Je- sus, make me whole."
 "I have died for your transgressions, And I free- ly all for- give."
 All my guilt and sin were cov- ered, And he whispered, "Child, be whole."
 I am tast- ing of his glo- ry, I am rest- ing at his feet.

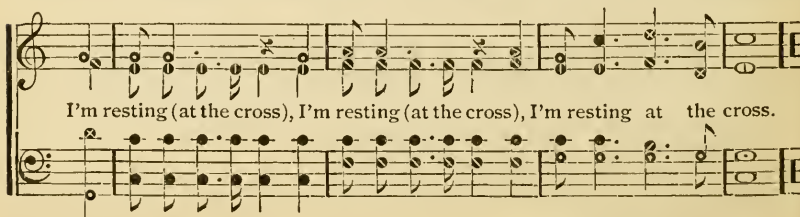
CHORUS.



Glo- ry, glo- ry be to Je- sus, I am counting all but dross,



I have found a full sal- va- tion, I am resting at the cross;



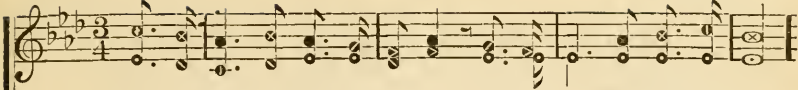
I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting at the cross.

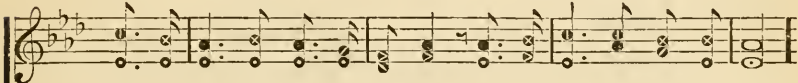
"Follow Me."

15

T. C. O'K.


T. C. O'KANE.

- 
1. Hear you not the Sav-iour calling, Call-ing you so earn-est-ly?
 2. Lay not up on earth your treasure, Transient, perish-ing 'twill be;
 3. In my Fa-ther's house in heaven, Let your hearts untroubled be,

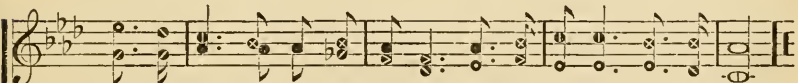


Gent-ly, too, the tones are fall-ing, "Come, oh, come, and fol-low me."
 Rath-er seek e-ter-nal pleasure; Would you find it? Fol-low me.
 Glorious man-sion will be giv-en, On-ly come and fol-low me.

CHORUS.



Let us round our Lead-er ral-ly, Je-sus bids us each to come;



He will lead us thro' life's valley, O'er the riv-er, safe-ly home.

4 Be thy pathway bright or dreary
 Whither duty leadeth thee,
 Strong thy steps, or faint and weary,
 I will guide thee,—follow me.

5 When thy days on earth are ending,
 And the close of life you see,
 Even to the grave descending,
 Never fear, but follow me.

1. To the shadow of the Rock in a thirsty land I flee, To the
 2. To the shadow of a Rock, where so many pilgrim feet, In their
 3. In the shadow of the Rock, where the peaceful waters glide, Peaceful

shadow of the Rock just be-fore me; My Redeemer bids me go, and how
 joyful, joyful haste now are turning; Where their weary, troubled hearts find a
 waters from the pure crystal riv - er, In the shadow of the Rock, in its

Fine.
 sweet my rest will be, With his tender, lov-ing smile beaming o'er me.
 sure and safe retreat, And the blessed lamp of faith still is burn - ing.
 cleft my soul shall hide, With my blessed Lord to dwell, and for-ev - er.

D.S.—sweet my rest will be, With his tender, loving smile beaming o'er me.

CHORUS.

Oh, what a ref - uge from ev-'ry throbbing care! Oh, what a refuge!—my

D.S.
 on - ly hope is there; My Re - deemer bids me go, and how

Outside the Gate.

17

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR,

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Poor, starving soul, there's room for thee Within thy Father's home;
 2. Thy Father waits; what keeps thee back? Behold his pleading face!
 3. O, lin-ger not, the time is short, Its sands are ebb-ing fast;

Why lin-ger still? there's bread to spare; Come in,—no longer roam,—
 His circling arms would clasp thee now; O, seek his dear em-brace;
 This hour is thine,—improve it well,—This hour,—perhaps thy last;

Come in,—be-hold, thy Fa-ther calls; His love for thee is great;
 He longs to hear thee say, for-give; He mourns thy hapless state;
 Come in, while yet thy Father pleads, Slight not his love so great;

Fine.
 Come in, come in,—he bids thee come; Why stand outside the gate?

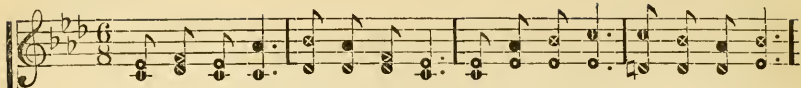
D. S.—Come in, come in, there's room for thee; Why stand outside the gate?

CHORUS. *D. S.*
 Outside the gate, out-side the gate, O soul, no long-er wait;

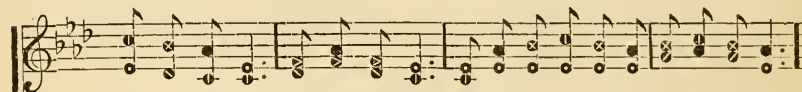
Beautiful Day.

W. J. K.

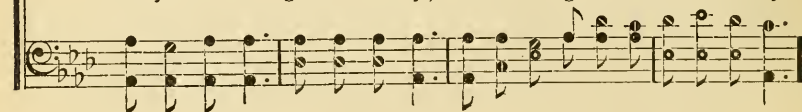
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



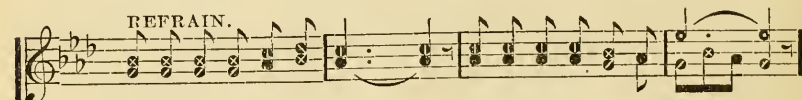
1. Beau-ti-ful day, love-ly thy light; Ho-ly each ray, ban-ish-ing night;
2. Beau-ti-ful day, calm was thy dawn; Joyous the lay, blessed the morn,
3. Beau-ti-ful day, perfect-ly bright; Je-sus al-way, boundless delight,
4. Beau-ti-ful day, ha-ven of rest; Ev'ry one may come and be bless'd;



Cloudless thy sky; peaceful my stay Here in the sunlight of beautiful day.
 When in my heart, over my way, First shone the noontide of beautiful day.
 Bliss all around, heaven by the way, Shining in fulness, oh, beautiful day.
 Glory to God! naught can dismay; Christ is the light of this beautiful day.



REFRAIN.

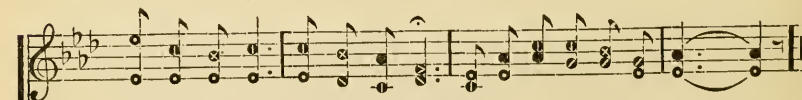
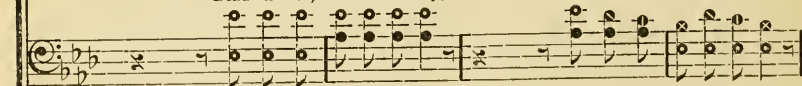


Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful day,

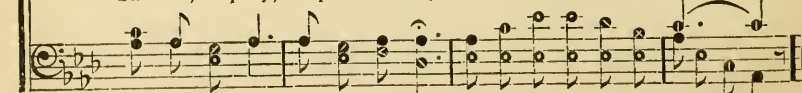
Evermore shine on my way;

Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful day,

Ev-ermore shine on my way;



Saviour, I pray, keep me al-way Safe in this beau-ti-ful day.



beau-ti-ful day.

○ ⊗ ⊕ ⊖ ⊗ ⊘
 DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Faith and Sight.

ETTIE A. REVERE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. 'Tis sweet to walk by trust, 'Tis bless - ed not to know; Faith
 2. Sight can - not pierce be - yond A pres - ent world like this, But
 3. Oh, who would ask for sight Of faith to take the place; 'Tis

D.S.—sweet to walk by trust, 'Tis bless - ed not to know; Faith

brings a qui - et peace and rest, Which sight can - not be - stow;
 faith as - cends to heav'n it - self, And an - te - dates its bliss;
 quite e - nough to know that we Are led by heavenly grace;

brings a qui - et peace and rest, Which sight can - not bestow.

For night may wea - ry prove, And dim - ly light our way; But
 Sight flies when dark - ness comes, And leaves be - hind no guide; But
 In God then let us trust, We all sometime shall know; If

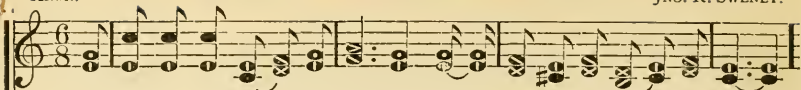
CHORUS.

faith a stead - y lus - tre keeps Thro' ev' - ry hour and day. 'Tis
 faith a trus - ty pi - lot is, And will with us a - bide. *D.S.*
 not be - low, in heav'n a - bove, Where end - less pleasures flow.

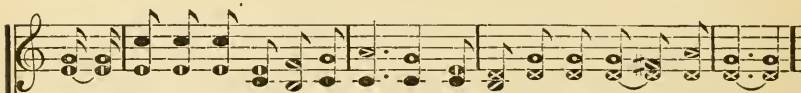
The Sweet Old Story.

ANON.

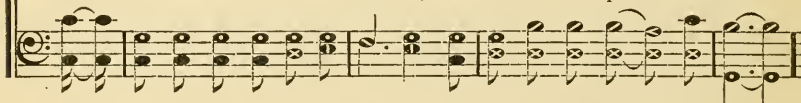
JNO. R. SWENEY.



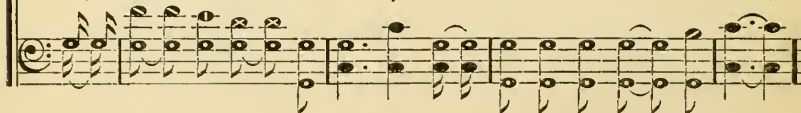
1. O tell me a - bout the Master! I am wea - ry and worn to - night,
2. O tell me a - bout the Master! Of the hills he in loneliness trod,
3. O tell me a - bout the Master! Of the wrongs that he freely for - gave;
4. Yet-I know that whatever of sorrow Or pain or temptation be - fall,



The day lies behind me in shadow, And on - ly the evening is light!
 When the tears and the blood of his anguish, Dropped down on Jude - a's sod,
 Of his love and tender compassion; His love that was mighty to save.
 The in - fi - nite Master has suffered, And knoweth and pit - i - eth all.



Yes, light with a ra - di - ant glo - ry That lingers a - bout the west,
 For to me life's man - y milestones But a sorrow - ful jour - ney mark,—
 For my heart is a - wear - y, a - wear - y Of the woes and temptations of life,
 So, tell me the sweet old sto - ry, That falls on each wound like a balm,



But my heart is a - weary, a - wea - ry, And longs, like a child's, for rest.
 Rough lies the hill country behind me, The mountains before me are dark.
 Of the er - ror that stalks in the noonday, Of falsehood and malice and strife.
 And the heart that was bruised and broken Grows patient and strong and calm.



Freely Speak for Jesus.

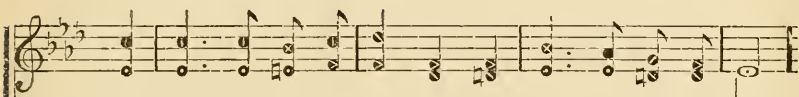
23

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Oh, free - ly speak for Je - sus,—Pro - claim how great his love;
2. Go, bear a - mid the dark - ness Some beams of gos - pel light,
3. Oh, gent - ly lift the fal - len; Let love her man - tle spread;
4. The small - est act for Je - sus Shall glow with grace di - vine,



Oh, tell that sweet compas - sion Once brought him from a - bove.
 'Till hope shall clear each pathway Now shroud - ed dark as night.
 Then bear the lost to Je - sus, Who once for sin - ners bled.
 And peace that pass - eth knowledge Shall ev - er - more be thine.



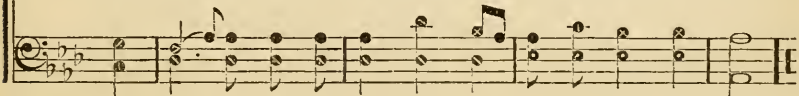
CHORUS.



Yes, fill thy life with ser - vice, Oh, fill it to the brim;



Christ wrought for thee a bless - ing: Then do thy best for him.



The great Judgment Day.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. You are un - der condem - na - tion, careless sin - ner, And the
 2. There's a judgment fast approaching, careless sin - ner, And re -
 3. There's a judgment fast approaching, careless sin - ner, If you
 4. There's a world where all the righteous shall be gath - ered, And an -

judgment day is sure - ly draw - ing near; If you tram - ple un - der
 member there's a death that nev - er dies; Oh, the wail - ing of the
 sin a - way the precious time of grace, You will call up - on the
 oth - er of remorse and end - less pain; If you die with - out the

foot redeeming mer - cy, What a sentence then your guilty soul will hear.
 lost who feel its an - guish; To its horror will you dare to close your eyes?
 rocks to fall up - on you, And to hide you from a slighted Saviour's face.
 cleansing blood of Je - sus, Then for - ev - er with the lost you must remain.

CHORUS.

De - part from my presence, the Judge will proclaim, De - part from my

presence in - to ev - er - lasting flame! Oh, escape this aw - ful doom; cling to

Jesus while you may, And prepare to meet your Saviour on the great judgment day.

COWPER.

Glorious Fountain.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And
2. { The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, The
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And

is a fount - ain filled with bood, Drawn from Imman - uel's veins, }
sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }
dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fount - ain in his day, }
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

CHORUS.
Oh, glo - ri - ous fount - ain! Here will I stay, And in thee

ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

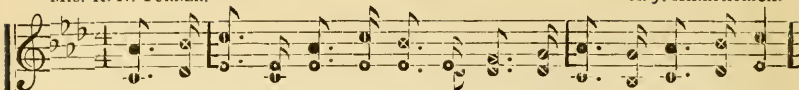
3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious blood: ||
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God: ||
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream: ||
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ||: has been my theme: ||
And shall be till I die.

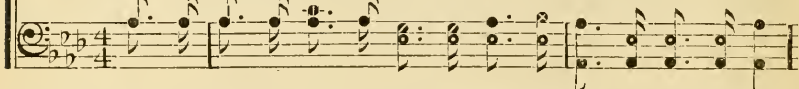
Marching Onward.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



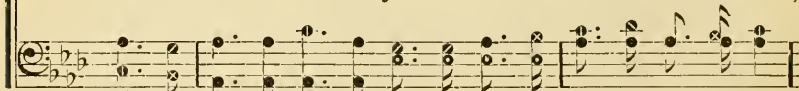
1. We are marching, marching onward, Strong to dare, and strong to do!
2. As he leads us, so we'll fol - low, For his light illumines our way;
3. We are marching, marching onward With a courage true and strong;



With our ban - ner float - ing o'er us, And our Leader, Christ in view!
 Ev - er on - ward, ev - er on - ward, Step by step, and day by day!
 For the vic - t'ry shall not fail us, Tho' the war - fare may be long!



Sin, with all its tempting pleasures, Beckons us with lur - ing hand;
 'Tis a grand and glorious ar - my; And the King whose name we bear,
 No! the heart that trusts in Je - sus Shall not fall in weakness down;



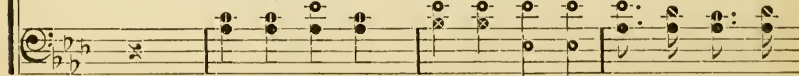
But with true and earnest purpose, For our Mas - ter we will stand.
 Watches o'er us, and sustains us, With a strong and ten - der care!
 Strength he gives, the cross to car - ry, Strength to win the victor's crown!



CHORUS.



March - ing on - ward, marching on - ward, Bearing forth the
 Marching on - ward, marching on - ward,



ban-ner of the pure and free; Marching on - ward, marching
Marching on - ward,

on - ward; Christ our Leader prom - is - es the vic - to - ry.
Marching on - ward;

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"I will glorify thy name forevermore."

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drously sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his
entered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to his
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his

Fine. CHORUS.

name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;

Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Matt. xiv. 12.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
 4. Are you trou - bled at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

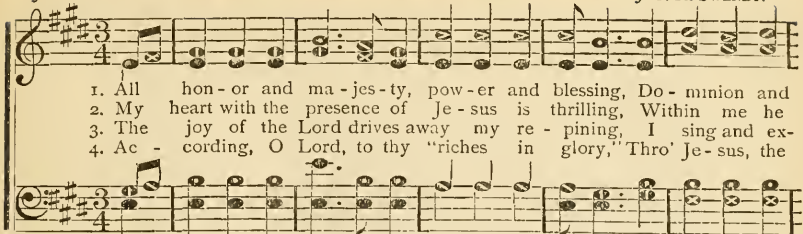
He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

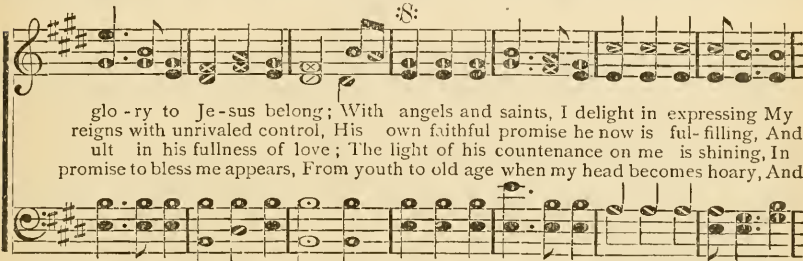
such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

I'm Trusting in Him

JAMES NICHOLSON.

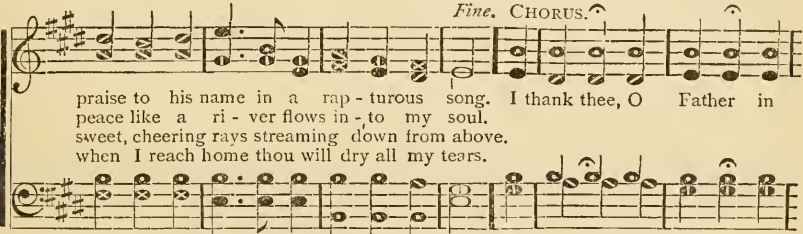
JNO. R. SWENEY.

- 
1. All hon- or and ma- jes- ty, pow- er and blessing, Do- minion and
 2. My heart with the presence of Je- sus is thrilling, Within me he
 3. The joy of the Lord drives away my re- pining, I sing and ex-
 4. Ac - cording, O Lord, to thy "riches in glory," Thro' Je- sus, the




glo- ry to Je- sus belong; With angels and saints, I delight in expressing My
reigns with unrivaled control, His own faithful promise he now is ful- filling, And
ult in his fullness of love; The light of his countenance on me is shining, In
promise to bless me appears, From youth to old age when my head becomes hoary, And

D.S.—his precious name I have peace in believing, And



Fine. CHORUS. ^
praise to his name in a rap- turous song. I thank thee, O Father in
peace like a ri- ver flows in - to my soul.
sweet, cheering rays streaming down from above,
when I reach home thou will dry all my tears.

sweetly each moment I'm trusting in him.



D.S. ^
heaven, for giving Thy Son as a Saviour my soul to redeem; Through

- 5 I know in this world I shall have tribulation ;
But Jesus assures me, "in him I'll have peace ;"
Then what does it matter? he is my salvation!
And sooner or later my sorrows shall cease.

- 6 The prospect of heaven, when life here is ended,
Gives solace in woe and a pleasure in pain ;
I'll follow my Saviour, already ascended,
And there with the ransom'd eternally reign.

Down with the Strongholds.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Our soldiers well drilled may be drawn into line, Each man in our army a
 2. Some souls may be earnest, some faithful and true, Yea, many may serve him, his
 3. The forts that our comrades have gained with their blood We doubtless are holding for

place we assign, Our ar - mor be bright, ve - ry fine our parade, But
 friends not a few; But what of the forc - es arrayed in their might 'gainst
 truth and for God; But what of high plac - es where sin for - ti - fied With

CHORUS.

what of the warfare, what conquests are made? Then down with the strongholds, in
 God and his goodness? hast put them to flight?
 strength and po - si - tion our God has defied?

name of our King Command their surrender, and home captives bring! O give them no

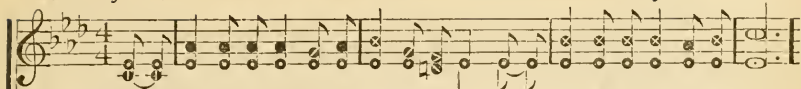
quarter, ne'er parley with foes,—To death or to vict'ry, the loy - al one goes.

The Ransomed Singers.

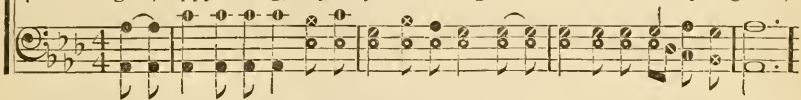
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MARY D. JAMES.

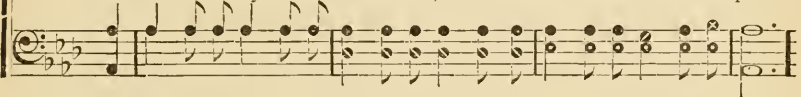
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



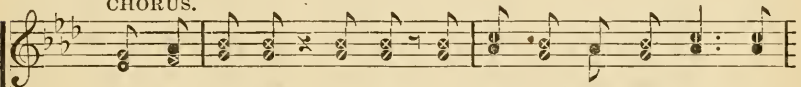
1. They are coming with songs, the victorious throngs, Lo! up to Mount Zion they come!
2. Tho' rough is their path, how unwav'ring their faith, Tho' fearful the foes in their way!
3. Oh, well may they sing, for the Spirit doth bring Rich foretastes of bliss as they go!
4. Sing on, happy throng, for your jubilant song Is the wonderful story of grace;



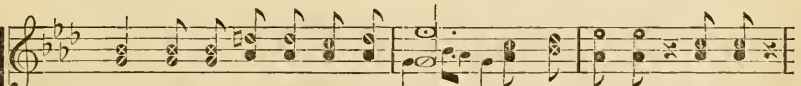
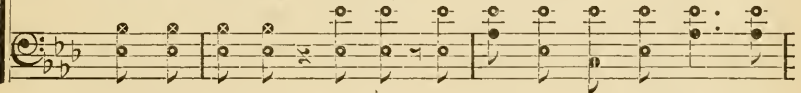
With joy they are crown'd; oh, what blessings abound In the way to their glorious home!
Still singing they come up to Zion their home, And they triumph in Christ day by day.
An earnest is given; the glory of heaven Makes bright all their pathway below!
It tells of the blood of your Crucified Lord, And bestows on the Lamb all the praise.



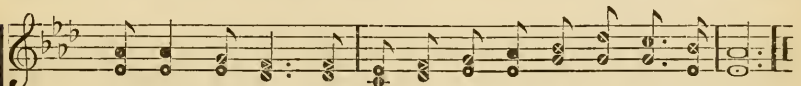
CHORUS.



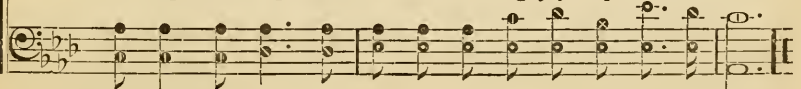
They are com-ing, com-ing, The ransomed of the Lord, And



Je - sus his banner o'er them spreads; They are coming, coming,



com-ing with songs And ev - er - last-ing joy up - on their heads.



Going Home Rejoicing.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are going home rejoicing, Where our Father's dwelling stands, We are
 2. We are going in a vessel That we know is firm and strong: 'Tis the
 3. We are going home rejoicing; Praise the Lord, we're going home! Where for-

go-ing home re-joicing, To a house not made with hands; We are
 good old ship of Zi-on That has stood the storm so long; Countless
 ev-er and for-ev-er, With the Sav-iour we shall roam; Clad in

go-ing home to Je-sus, Who redeemed us with his blood, Hal-le-
 millions it has anchored, And will an-chor millions more, In the
 robes that he has brought us,—Precious garments of his grace,—We shall

lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Soon we'll cross the swell-ing flood.
 port of life e-ter-nal, On the bright, ce-les-tial shore.
 see him in his glo-ry, And be-hold him face to face.

CHORUS.

Soon we'll cross the swelling flood of the Jor-dan, And the happy, happy

time is drawing nigh; In the golden fields of rest, o-ver
drawing nigh;

Jor-dan, We shall gath-er, we shall gath-er by and by.

Behold the Lamb of God.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

WM. CHURCH, Jr.

1. Be-hold the Lamb of God, Who takes our sins a-way! He
2. Be-hold the Lamb of God, Whose all-a-ton-ing blood Will
3. Be-hold the Lamb of God! Despised, reproached, betrayed; The
4. Be-hold the Lamb of God, Who died for you and me! Oh,

Cho.—Be-hold the Lamb of God! Be-hold the Lamb of God, That

stands with o-pen arms and pleads With dying souls to-day.
cleans and make them white as snow Who plunge beneath its flood.
Fa-ther's well-be-lov-ed Son, On whom our guilt was laid.
come, and at his hand receive Sal-va-tion full and free.

taketh a-way the sins of the world, Behold the Lamb of God.

5 Behold the Lamb of God!
From earth's foundation slain,
That we, if faithful unto death,
With him might live and reign.

6 Behold the Lamb of God,
Whom now by faith we see;
Oh, tell the wonders of his grace.
And shout redemption free.

Dayspring.

ENGLISH.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Come, thou "Bright and Morning Star," Light of lights, without be - ginning,
 2. As the soft re - freshing dew Falls on drooping herb and flower,
 3. Let thy love's pure fire de - stroy All our earth - ly taint and leaven.
 4. Ah! thou dayspring from on high, Grant that at thy next ap - pearing,
 5. Light us to those heavenly spheres, Sun of grace in glo - ry shrouded;

Shine up - on us from a - far, That we may be kept from sin - ning;
 Let thy Spir - it shed a - new Life on ev' - ry wearied pow - er;
 Kindling love and ho - ly joy With the dawning east - ern heav - en;
 We who in the grave do lie May a - rise, thy summons hearing,
 Lead us thro' this vale of tears To the land where days un - clouded,

Drive a - way by thy clear light Our dark night, our dark night;
 Bless thy flock from thy rich store, Ev - er - more, ev - er - more;
 Let us tru - ly rise ere yet Life has set, life has set;
 And re - joice in our new life, Far from strife, far from strife;
 Pur - est joy and per - fect peace Nev - er cease, nev - er cease;

Drive a - way by thy clear light Our dark night.
 Bless thy flock from thy rich store, Ev - er - more.
 Let us tru - ly rise ere yet Life has set.
 And re - joice in our new life, Far from strife.
 Pur - est joy and per - fect peace Nev - er cease.

Hail the Great Emancipation.

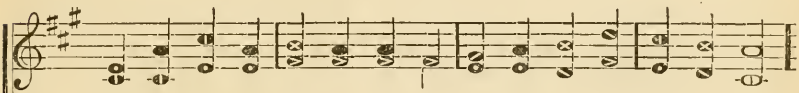
"Fear not : for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—

Luke ii. 10.

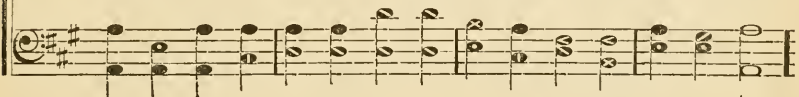
ALFRED BEIRLY.



1. God, th'all-wise, behold - ing sinners, Said, "my peo - ple I'll reclaim ;"
2. One great sac - ri - fice was need - ed, One a - tonement for us all ;
3. High o'er all the worlds in glo - ry, With the Father now is he ;



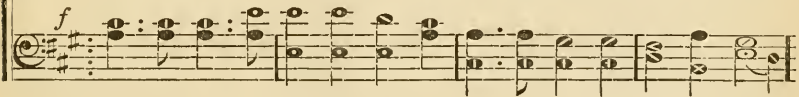
From his throne the world's Redeemer On that ho - ly mission came.
 Christ, the liv - ing Son of promise, Died God's people to re - call.
 Round the throne ce - les - tial ar - mies Sing him praise e - ter - nal - ly.



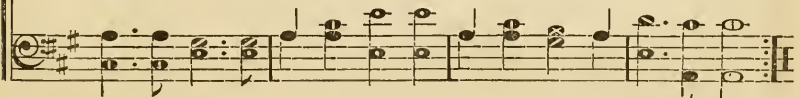
f CHORUS.



Hail, the great E - man - ci - pa - tion! Millions of earth-bondsmen freed,



Come from ev - 'ry clime and station, Who for freedom learn their need.



O Bless the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Psalm ciii.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless the Lord, our souls, and all within; O bless the Lord, who pardons ev'ry sin;
2. O bless the Lord, ye worlds beyond the sky; Break forth, ye depths, let rocks and hills reply;

Fine.
Give thanks to him with ev'ry fleeting breath; Give thanks to him who triumphed over death.
Praise him, ye stars that saw creation's birth, Whose music hailed the pure and shining earth.

O bless the Lord, ye an - - gels round his throne,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, ye angels round his throne,
O bless the Lord, the Prince of Peace adore,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, the Prince of Peace adore,

Who do his will and make his wonders known;
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, and make his wonders known;
And let his love re - sound from shore to shore;
Let his love, let his love, let his love resound from shore to shore;

Strike, strike your harps, ye ran - somed host above,
Strike your harps, strike your harps, strike your harps, ye ransomed host above,
O bless the Lord Je - ho - - vah, King of kings,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord Je - hovah, King of kings,

Use 1st four lines as Chorus.

With rapture sing, and shout redeeming love.
 Strike your harps, strike your harps, and shout redeeming love, redeeming love.
 Who guards his own be - neath his mighty wings.
 Guards his own, guards his own beneath his mighty wings, his mighty wings.

I Come to Thee.

MERLE MURRIE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Just as a lit - tle tired child Seeks rest up-on its mother's knee,
 2. From all my worldly cares, my sins, How tempted am I oft to flee;
 3. For if thou dost not take a-way The sting, the pain, the mis - er - y,
 4. If best for me—thou knowest best—I know that thou wilt hear my plea,

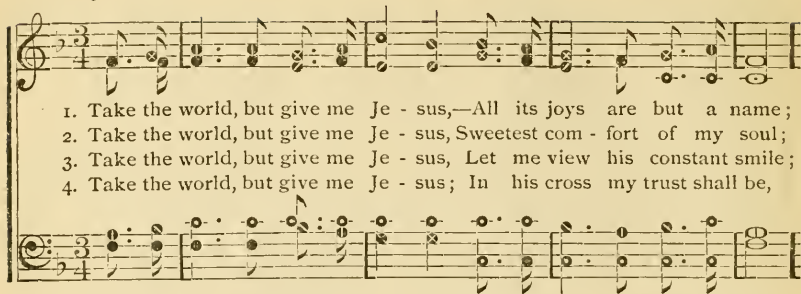
Worn out with care and striv-ing oft, Dear Lord, I come to thee:
 So with the griev-ous, hea-vy load, Dear Lord, I come to thee:
 Thou yet wilt help me bear them all, Dear Lord, I come to thee:
 Wilt bear my bur - dens, give me rest; Dear Lord, I come to thee:

Worn out with care and striv-ing oft, Dear Lord, I come to thee.
 So with the grievous, hea-vy load, Dear Lord, I come to thee.
 Thou yet wilt help me bear them all, Dear Lord, I come to thee.
 Wilt bear my bur - dens, give me rest; Dear Lord, I come to thee.

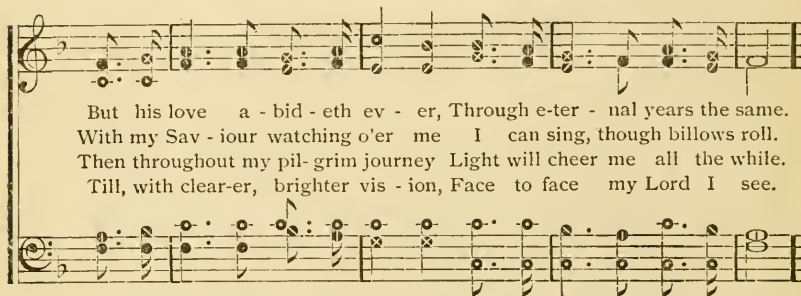
Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

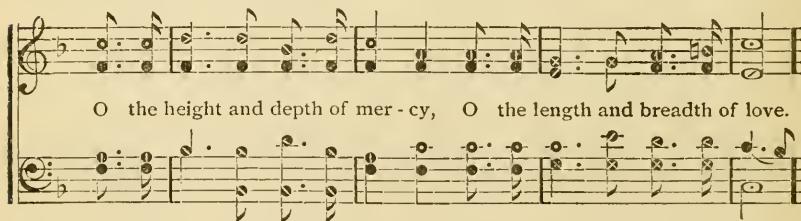
JNO. R. SWENEY.



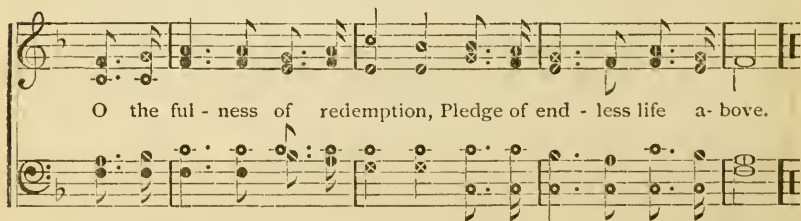
1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
 2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
 3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
 4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In his cross my trust shall be,



But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Through e - ter - nal years the same.
 With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll.
 Then throughout my pil - grim journey Light will cheer me all the while.
 Till, with clear - er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.



O the height and depth of mer - cy, O the length and breadth of love.



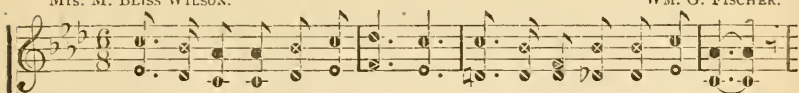
O the ful - ness of redemption, Pledge of end - less life a - bove.

What of the Future?

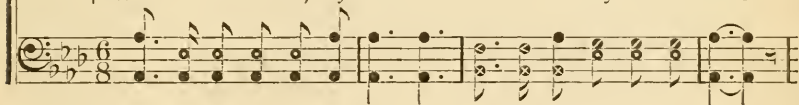
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I asked a dear one, "What of the future?" He replied, "It is all dark."—M. E. W.
Mrs. M. BLISS WILSON.

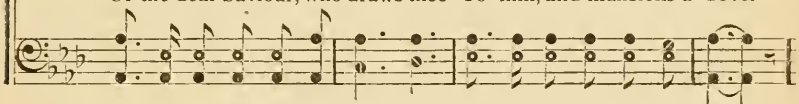
WM. G. FISCHER.



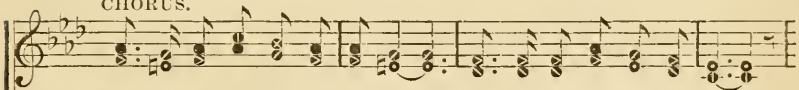
1. What of the future, my broth-er,— Af-ter this world and its strife?
2. What of the future, my broth-er? Can you not see thro' the gloom
3. What of the future, my broth-er? Get thyself read-y to - night,
4. What of the future, my broth-er? Turn not a-way from the love



Is there no light for thee yon - der, Bright'ning the on-coming life?
Veil-ing the pathway be-fore you? Is it all dark in the tomb?
Fear-ing that God's Holy Spir - it, Griev-ed and sad, takes his flight.
Of the dear Saviour, who draws thee To him, and mansions a-bove.



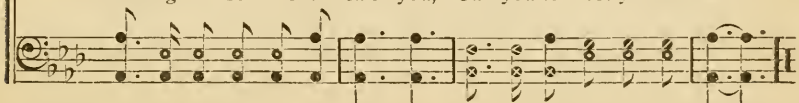
CHORUS.



Make thyself read-y, my broth-er, Read-y to meet the dear Lord,



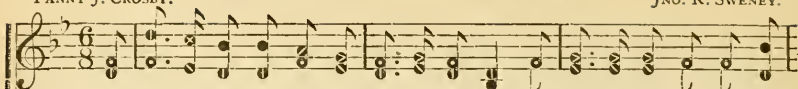
Knowing that soon he will call you,—Call you to meet your re-ward.



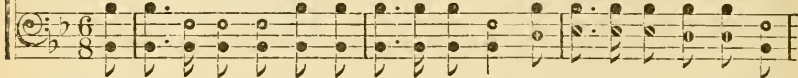
Pray for them Now.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

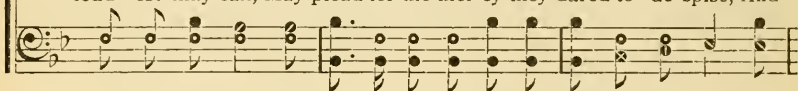
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O pray for the wretched and perishing souls, That firm in his fetters the
2. O pray for the mothers now weeping alone, Their poor hearts are broken, how
3. O pray for the millions that love not the Lord, And heed not the message that
4. O pray that the Spir-it on sinners may fall, That those who are vilest the

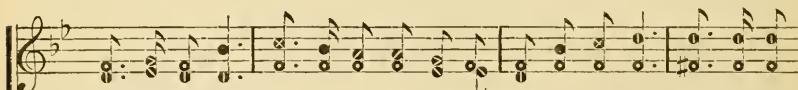
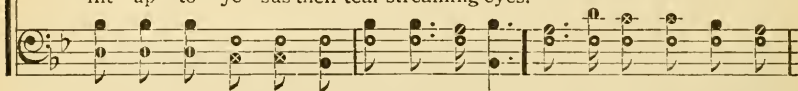


tempt-er controls, O pray that Je-ho-vah his arm will make bare, And
sad-ly they moan; For those who in childhood so fond-ly they reared. A-
comes from his word, O pray without ceasing that work may be done, Yes,
loud-est may call, May plead for the mer-cy they dared to de-spise, And

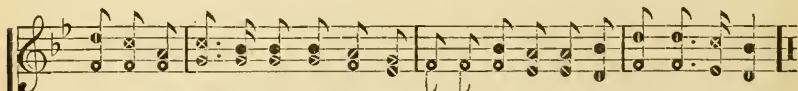
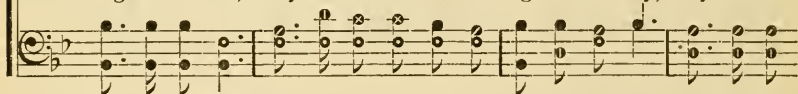


CHORUS.

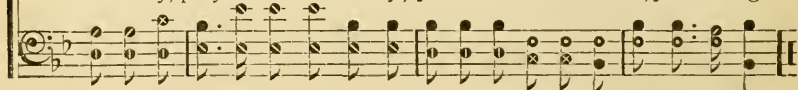
snatch them from ru-in, from wreck and despair. Pray for them now, lest they
las! by the wine cup are blighted and seared!
work in the name of the Cru-ci-fied One.
lift up to Je-sus their tear streaming eyes.



languish and die, Pray for them now with an ag-o-nized cry, Pray for them



earnest-ly, pray for them tender-ly; Je-sus has died for them, Jesus is nigh



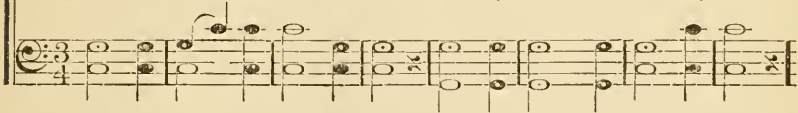
The Present Call.

EDGAR PAGE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Ent - er at re - pentance gate, Knock,—thou wilt not have to wait;
2. Sa - tan now is on thy path, Full of ven - om and of wrath;
3. Je - sus full of mer - cy is, Je - sus asks to claim thee his;
4. Hear the Sav - iour for thee call,—“Heav - y lad - en,”—“weary,”—all;



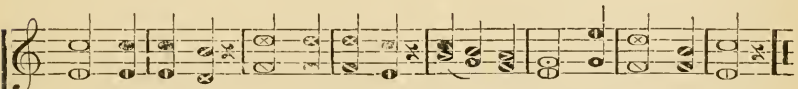
Je - sus waits to let thee in From the wil - der - ness of sin.
Tries with each se - duc - tive art, Tries to poi - son all thy heart.
Let no hind - 'ring cause de - lay, Quickly ent - er while you may.
He will with his presence fill, Gov - ern all thy mind and will.



CHORUS.



Saviour, I cannot de - lay; . . . Lord, I will not say thee nay; . . .
I cannot de - lay; say thee nay;



Je - sus, take me— Je - sus, make me All thine own—just now—for aye.



I shall Sleep but a Moment.

F. J. C.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I shall sleep but a moment,—what joy will be mine When I
 2. But, my Sav - iour, I ask, when on earth I must part With the
 3. Thou hast nev - er desert - ed nor left me a - lone, I have
 4. Shall I trem - ble to think what the strug - gle may be When the

wake in thy likeness, O Saviour divine!—When I pass from the world and its friends I have treasured so long in my heart, That they sing me a song when my heard its sweet mu-sic, thy life-breathing tone, When I thought the deep waters my mandate shall come that my soul shall be free, No, I'll trust for the grace thou hast

tri - als a - way, And behold the tran - si - tion from darkness to day!
 eye - lids I close, That they sing of thy love while I sink to repose.
 bark would o'erwhelm, It has whispered so kind - ly, "Tis I at the helm."
 promised to give If I seek for thy hon - or and glo - ry to live.

CHORUS.

I shall sleep but a moment then wake on thy breast, A glo - ri - fied

spir - it! trans - port - ed and blest! And a harp, and a crown at thy

I shall Sleep, etc.—CONCLUDED.

hand will be given, When the An- gel of Death bears me safe - ly to heaven.

Ho! ev'ry one that thirsteth. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Ho! ev'-ry one that thirst - eth, Ho! ev'-ry one that thirst - eth,
 2. "Come," saith the Ho-ly Spir - it, "Come," saith the Ho-ly Spir - it,
 3. Come, ev'-ry one that hear - eth, Come, ev'-ry one that hear - eth,
 4. Come, who-so-ev - er list - eth, Come, who-so-ev - er list - eth,

Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst - eth, Come to the wa - ter of life.
 "Come," saith the Ho - ly Spir - it, Come to the wa - ter of life.
 Come, ev - 'ry one that hear - eth, Come to the wa - ter of life.
 Come, who-so-ev - er list - eth, Come to the wa - ter of life.

CHORUS.

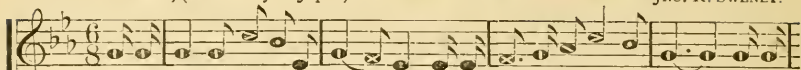
Come, for ev'-ry thing is read - y,— Je - sus is wait - ing; hear him call,

"Come and buy with - out mon - ey,"—"Je - sus paid it all."

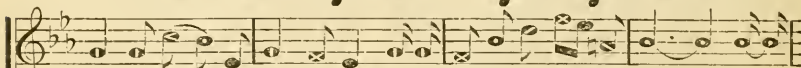
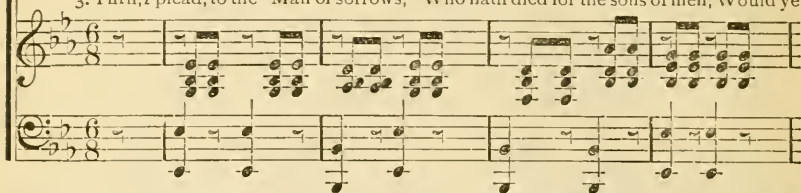
I have told the Story of Jesus.

FLORA B. HARRIS, (Missionary to Japan).

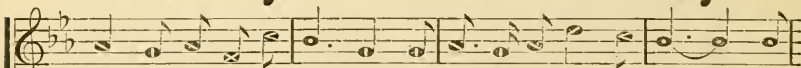
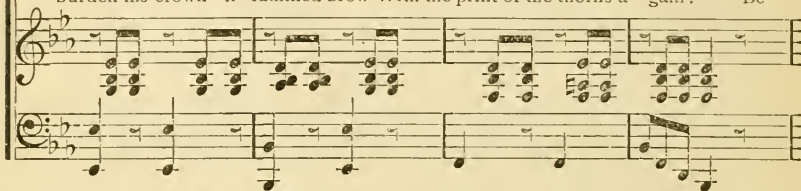
JNO. R. SWENEY.



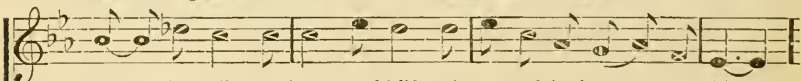
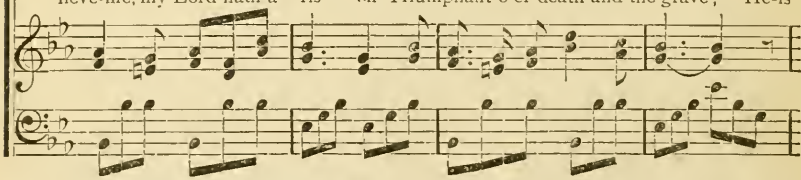
1. I have told the story of Je - sus Yet a - gain for ano - th - er day, And have
2. I have told the story of Je - sus, And I muse in the night-fall gray On the
3. Turn, I plead, to the "Man of sorrows," Who hath died for the sons of men; Would ye



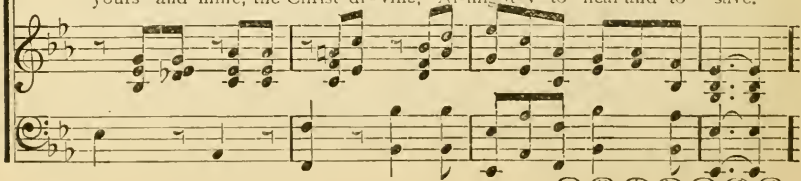
sought to lead the wand'ring feet To the Master, who is the way; I have
blind-ed eyes upraised at last To the light of the world to - day; And I
burden his crown - il - lumined brow With the print of the thorns a - gain? Be -



told the sto - ry of Je - sus, And now, in the ev' - ning dim, Too
think, O hearts that re - ject him In - my land o'er the sun - set seas,
lieve - me, my Lord hath a - ris - en Triumphant o'er death and the grave; He - is



wea - ry for toil, my heart would lift A song of its love un - to him.
Counting this Je - sus an i - dle theme, - Ye are blinder by far than these.
yours and mine, the Christ di - vine, Al - might - y to heal and to save.



CHORUS.

The story of Jesus was sweet to hear When an - gels told it sing - ing ;

But just as clear up - on thine ear The words of love are ring - ing, —

The Christ hath come, hath come to thee, His great sal - va - tion bring - ing.

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

The Tranquil Hours.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The tran - quil hours steal by On drow - sy wings and slow, And
 2. No gath'ring clouds I see, I hear no ris - ing blast, I
 3. Yet whether so or not, O Lord, thou knowest best, This
 4. This night I will lie down In peace beneath thine eye; Nor
 5. I will lie down to sleep, From ev' - ry ter - ror free; Nor

ad lib.

ov - er all the peaceful sky The stars of even - ing glow.
 fold my tired hands rest - ful - ly, As though all storms were past.
 night let ev' - ry anxious thought And trembling fear have rest.
 heed what ills un - seen may frown, Since though art ev - er nigh.
 wake to trem - ble or to weep, Se - cure, O Lord, in thee!

1. O Sa - viour, I long for thy ten - der for - give - ness, I
 2. How oft have I slight - ed thy Spir - it so gen - tle, It
 3. 'Tis true I deserve not the least of thy no - tice, Yea
 4. 'Tis done, my Redeem - er, oh, how shall I thank thee, Thy

long to be free from the bondage of sin; While here at the door of thy
 strove with me long, but I would not believe, But now in my sor - row I
 none are ex - cluded from seeking thy face, My heart is o'erwhelmed, my
 ten - der com - passion my soul doth restore, I hear the sweet voice of thy

mer - cy I'm kneeling, With all my transgressions, oh, let me come in.
 come, and re - penting, I ask, I en - treat, thee my soul to receive.
 spir - it is broken, oh, pit - y and make me a child of thy grace.
 Spir - it that whispers, A - rise, thou are pardoned, go, sin thou no more.

Fine.

all my transgressions, oh, let me come in.

CHORUS.

Let me come in, oh, let me come in! Thy blood is suf - fi - cient to

cleanse me from sin; A life in thy ser - vice I fain would be - gin, With

D.S.

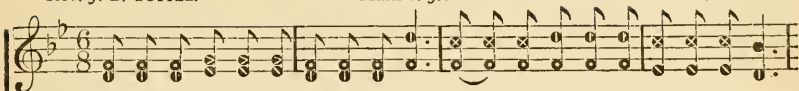
Only Believe.

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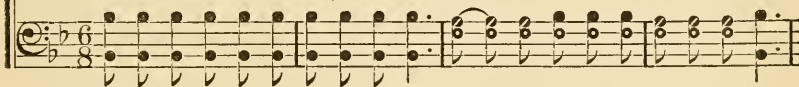
Rev. J. B. TUTTLE.

Mark v. 36.

E. O. EXCELL.



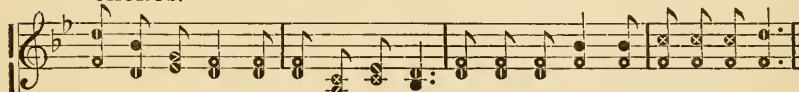
1. Sinner, the Saviour is calling for thee, Will you his message of mercy receive?
2. Rest not on works for they never will save, 'Tis in believing that life he will give;
3. Rest not on feeling, but trust in the blood, Jesus will never, no never deceive;
4. Will you not look to him now and be bless'd? Look this moment, he'll freely forgive;



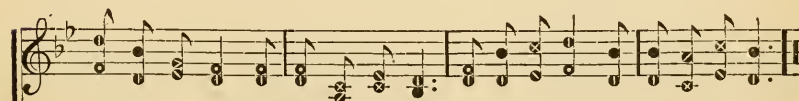
Throw off the burden and come unto me, All that I ask of you, On-ly believe.
No other way but his way can you have, All that he asks of you, On-ly believe.
Trusting in feeling can do you no good, All that he asks of you, On-ly believe.
Burdens will fall and thy soul will find rest, All that he asks of you, Only believe.



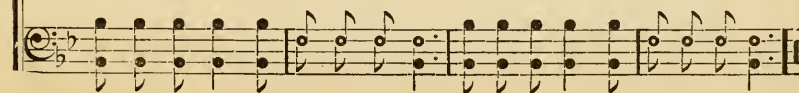
CHORUS.



Fall at his feet, his mer-cy entreat; See how he waits to free-ly forgive;



Bid him come in, he'll cleanse you from sin; Joyfully say, Now, Lord, I believe.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY

1. They are looking down up-on us from the bat-tlements of light, Happy
 2. They have conquered in the battle and the race they no-bly run, Of their
 3. They are looking down up-on us,—our beloved are looking down; We have
 4. They are watching, they are waiting, and the time will not be long Till we

souls now at home with Je - sus; In the blood of his atonement they have
 faith not a link is broken; Thro' the might of him that loved them life e-
 friends in that roy-al ar-my; At the hand of their Redeemer they ree-
 meet by the crystal riv-er, There to praise our Lord and Saviour in a

Fine.
 wash'd their garments white, And they rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.
 ternal they have won, And they rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.
 ceiv'd a starry crown, And they rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.
 nev-er-ending song, There to rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.

D.S.—Saviour calls us home, There to rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.

CHORUS

O-ver Jor-dan, o-ver Jor-dan, They have anchored, safely

D.S.
 anchored on the shore; (*on the shore;*) In their footprints we will follow till the

Jesus is Calling Now.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

GEORGE BEAVERSON.



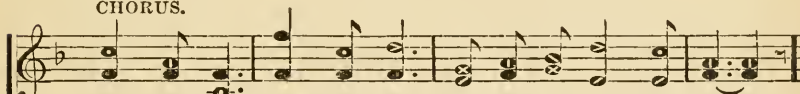
1. Je - sus is call - ing you now! Come to his arms of love;
2. Je - sus is call - ing to - day, — Why will you long - er wait?
3. Je - sus is call - ing to you; Pledge him, in sol - emn vow,



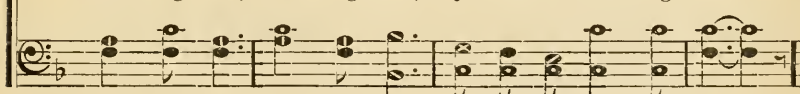
He will pre - pare your soul For the home a - bove.
Cast all your sins a - way, — En - ter Mer - cy's gate.
Spir - it, and life, and all, — He will save you now!



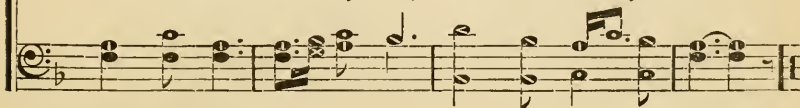
CHORUS.



Call - ing now, call - ing now, Je - sus is call - ing now!



At the cross hum - bly bow, — He will save you now!



Je - sus stands ready to greet you,—Come home, ere it be too late.

Up and Away.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Wake from thy drowsy sleep, Yonder the day, yonder the day Breaks o'er the
2. Wake from thy drowsy sleep, Time flies apace, time flies apace; Go, lest an-
3. Wake from thy drowsy sleep, List to the song, list to the song Now on the

Cho.—Wake from thy drowsy sleep, Yonder the day, yonder the day Breaks o'er the

Fine.

golden fields, Up and a - way; Lose not the morning hours, Balmy and clear,
oth - er fill Thy vacant place. Speed to thy labor now. Care for thy sheaves,
summer breeze Floating a - long; Haste e'er the noon-tide beams Fall from the sky

golden fields, Up and a - way.

D.C.

bal - my and clear; Toil with a cheerful heart, Reap - ing is near.
care for thy sheaves, Say, would'st thou bring thy Lord Nothing but leaves?
Fall from the sky, Work till the Mas - ter comes, Rest by and by.

The Waits to Answer Prayer.

73

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In Christian love u - ni - ted A - gain we meet to pray, And
 2. And while we kneel to - geth - er, As one, around his throne, To
 3. If here the precious moments That with the Lord we spend Are

tell the wondrous deal - ings Of God from day to day, Now
 tell him all our sor - rows, And make our wish - es known, Let
 but the dis - tant gleamings Of joy that ne'er shall end, If

may his Ho - ly Spir - it Descend in migh - ty power, Re -
 ev' - ry thought be earn - est, And ev' - ry heart be - lieve That
 now our faith can waft us To Pis - gah's mountain height, Oh,

D.S.—leave the world be - hind us, For - get its ev' - ry care, Look

Fine. CHORUS.

vive his work with - in us, And con - se - crate this hour. Oh,
 each re - quest we of - fer An an - swer will re - ceive. *D.S.*
 what will be our rap - ture When faith is lost in sight.

up, look up to Je - sus,—He waits to an - swer prayer.

Land of the Blessed.

Mrs. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { Oh! Land of the blessed, thy shadowless skies Sometimes in my dreaming I see: }
 I hear the glad songs that the glorified sing Steal over eterni- ty's sea. }
 2. { Oh! Land of the blessed, thy hills of delight Sometimes on my vision unfold; }
 Thy mansions celestial, thy pal- aces bright, Thy bulwarks of jasper and gold. }

Tho' dark are the shadows that gather between, I know that thy morning is fair;
 Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of praise, Dear eyes in thy sunlight are fair;

I catch but a glimpse of thy glory and light, And whisper: would God I were there!
 I look from my valley of shadow below, And whisper: would God I were there!

CHORUS.

Oh! Saviour, prepare . . . My spirit to share . . . For- ev- er with

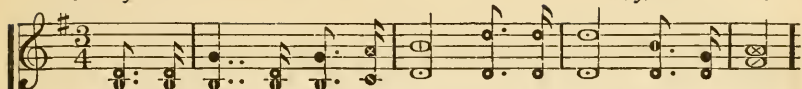
3 Dear home of my Father, fair city, whose peace
 No shadow of changing can mar!
 How glad are the souls that have tasted thy joy,
 How blest thine inhabitants are!
 When weary with toiling, I think of the day—
 Who knows if its dawning be near?
 When he who hath loved me shall call me away
 From all that hath burdened me here.

Jesus Saves.


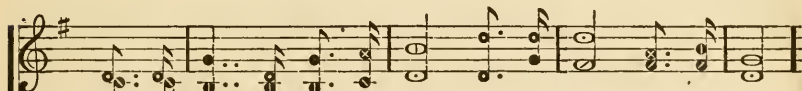
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PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

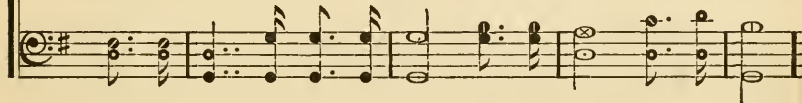
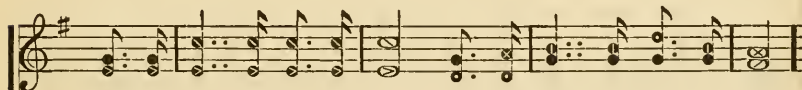
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



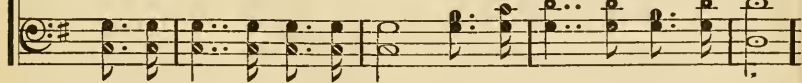
1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,




Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.



The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON.

WM. G FISCHER.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
 2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
 3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
 But toil - ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
 Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shadow - y vale.

CHORUS.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the

Rock that is high - er than I: Oh, then, to the Rock let me
 is high - er than I,

fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

Come unto Me.

91

J. P. MILLS.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. "Come un - to me,"—in measured tones and slow, "Come unto me," how
2. "Come un - to me,"—the lips with mercy stream, "Come unto me,"—the
3. "Come un - to me," dear toiling ones, o - bey, "Come unto me," oh,

sweet the accents flow, "Come un - to me," oh, gen - tle voice di - vine!
eyes with love-light beam; "Come unto me," the out-held hands implore,
sinners, hear to - day! "Come un - to me,"—the welcome is to all.

CHORUS.
"Come un - to me," de - sire and love combine. Weary - lad-en souls, what-
"Come un - to me," such words none spake before.
"Come un - to me,"—'tis Jesus makes the call.

e'er your bur - den be, Seeking af - ter rest, Come un - to me,

Come un - to me, come unto me, I will give you rest, what'e'r your burdens be.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Home at Last.

Melody by M. LINDSAY.

Arr. by W. J. K.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. Hark the song of ho - ly rap - ture, Hear it break from yonder strand,
 2. O, the long and sweet re - un - ion, Where the bells of time shall cease;
 3. Look beyond, the skies are clearing; See, the mist dissolves a - way;

Where our friends for us are wait - ing, In the gold - en, summer land;
 O, the greet - ing, endless greet - ing, On the ver - nal heights of peace;
 Soon our eyes will catch the dawning Of a bright, ce - les - tial day;

They have reach'd the port of glo - ry, O'er the Jor - dan they have passed,
 Where the hop - ing and despond - ing Of the wea - ry heart are past,
 Soon the shadows will be lift - ed That around us now are cast,

And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last:
 And we en - ter life e - ter - nal, Home at last, home at last:
 And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last:

And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last.
 And we en - ter life e - ter - nal, Home at last, home at last.
 And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last.

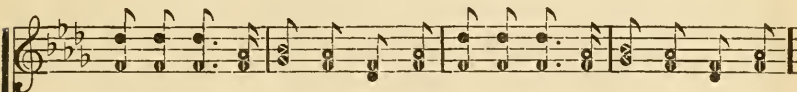
Jesus Comes.

Mrs. PHEBE PALMER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids waking, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking,
2. Lo! the promise of your Saviour, Pardoned sin and purchased favor,
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark, his chariot wheels are rumbling,
4. Nations wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ his kingdom hasteneth greatly,



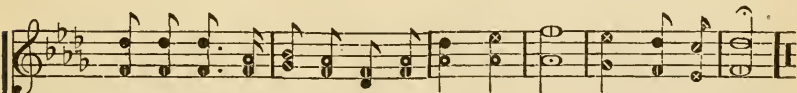
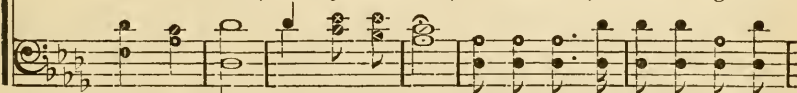
Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Ready for your Lord's return-ing.
 Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glory; Haste to tell redemption's sto-ry.
 Tell, O, tell of grace abound-ing, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
 Earth her latest pangs is summing, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.



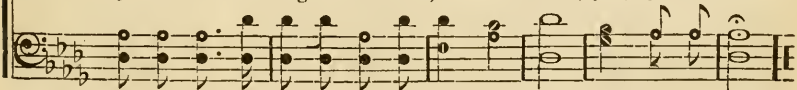
REFRAIN.



Lo! he comes, lo! Jesus comes; Lo! he comes, he comes all glorious!

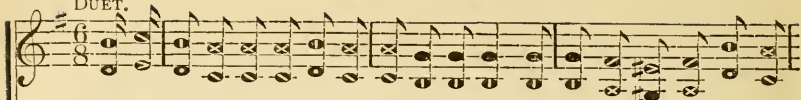


Je-sus comes to reign victo-rious, Lo! he comes, yes, Je-sus comes.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>5 Lamb of God!—thou meek and lowly,
 Judah's Lion!—high and holy,
 Lo! thy Bride comes forth to meet thee,
 All in blood-washed robes to greet thee,</p> | <p>6 Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading,
 Now for you he's interceding;
 Haste, ere grace and time diminished
 Shall proclaim the mystery finished.</p> |
|---|--|

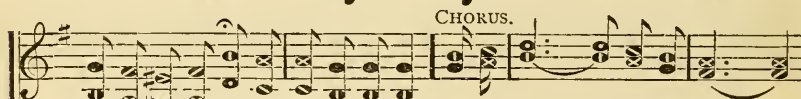
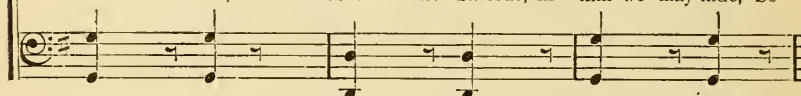
The Desert Rock.



1. There's a Rock in the desert where pilgrims may fly When darkness approaches and
2. There's a Rock in the desert where, happy and blest, The sower and reaper to-
3. There's a Rock in the desert that millions have found, Its praise shall forever and
4. There's a Rock in the desert where sorrow and pain And ev-en temp-ta-tion to



dangers are nigh, 'Tis a Rock in whose shelter we pilgrims may hide,—Se-
geth-er may rest; 'Tis a Rock where the weary and thirst-y may go, And
ev-er resound; 'Tis the Rock of sal-va-tion, of in-fi-nite love, And
harm us are vain, O that Rock is the Saviour, in him we may hide, Se-

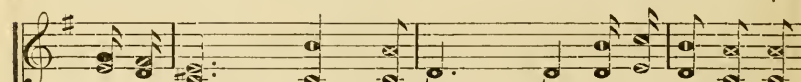
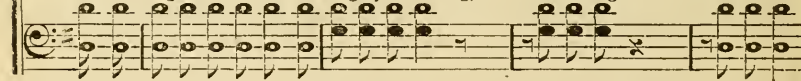


curely protect-ed whate-ver betide. Let us sing of the Rock
drink of the waters of life as they flow.
firm as the throne of our Father above.
curely protect-ed, whate-ver betide.

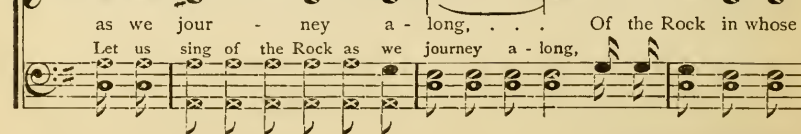
Let us sing of the Rock,



that is might-y and strong. Let us sing of the Rock
Let us sing of the Rock that is mighty and strong, Let us sing of the Rock,



as we jour-ney a-long, . . . Of the Rock in whose
Let us sing of the Rock as we journey a-long,



shelter we pilgrims may hide Secure - ly pro - tect - ed, what - ev - er betide.

My Heavenly Home is Sure.

T. C. O'KANE.

Lively.

1. Tho' clouds may fade be - fore mine eyes, My heavenly home is sure;
 2. Tho' lov - ing friends should turn to foes, My heavenly home is sure;
 3. Tho' earthquakes rend the sol - id ground, My heavenly home is sure;

Tho' stars should fall from out the skies My heavenly home is sure.
 Tho' ev' - ry earth - ly blessing goes, My heavenly home is sure.
 Tho' tempests roll de - struction round, My heavenly home is sure.

If I but strive and watch and pray, And dai - ly cast my sins a - way,
 If I but seek Christ's pardoning grace, And humbly bow be - fore his face,
 If I but seek the bet - ter part, And give to God my contrite heart,

And keep my conscience clear and pure, My heavenly home is sure.
 No mat - ter what I may en - dure, My heavenly home is sure.
 In spite of sin and world - ly lure, My heavenly home is sure.

Immanuel.

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el, Our God in mor-tal flesh to dwell, In
 2. We sing the love, the matchless love, That brought thee from thy throne above, Our
 3. We bless thy name in song to-day, Thy name shall be our song alway; E-

human garb with men to walk, In human speech with men to talk, To
 sins to bear, our grief to know, To pay the heavy debt we owe, To
 ter-nal years too short will be To ut - ter half we owe to thee, Our

day thy name our praises swell, Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el! To-
 res - cue us from death and hell, Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el! To
 God, who hast done all things well, Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el! Our

ad lib.

day thy name our praises swell, Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el!
 res - cue us from death and hell, Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el!
 God, who hast done all things well, Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el!

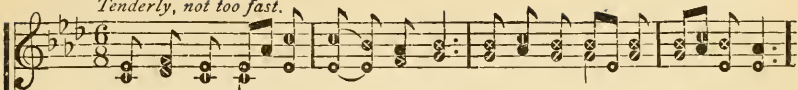
Only a Veil.

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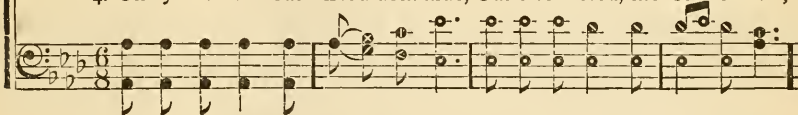
HATTIE B. SPOOR.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

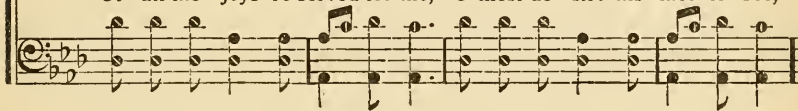
Tenderly, not too fast.



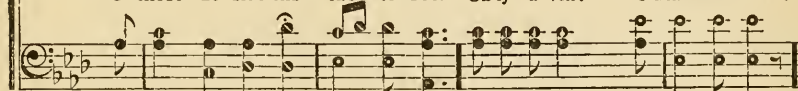
1. Oh, blessed thought, while pilgrims here Our heav'nly home is ve-ry near;
2. On-ly a veil hides treasures untold, Our crowns of life, and harps of gold,
3. On-ly a veil hides those we love, Our dear ones in the choir above,
4. On-ly a veil our Lord doth hide, Our risen Lord, the Cru-ci-fied;



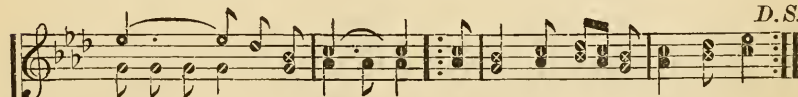
On - ly a veil con-ceals its light, A veil to shield frail mor-tal sight,
Our mansions which with loving care Je-sus is building o - ver there,
Whose angel voic-es are so near Their songs of praise we almost hear,
Of all the joys re-served for me, I most de-sire his face to see,



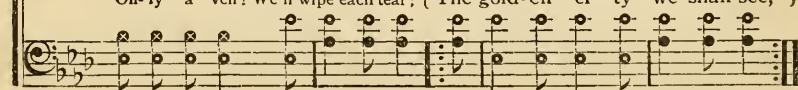
A veil to shield frail mor-tal sight. On - - - ly a veil! . . .
Je-sus is building o - ver there.
Their songs of praise we al-most hear.
I most de-sire his face to see. On-ly a veil! O heav'n how near!



D.S.—The gold - en ci - ty we shall see.



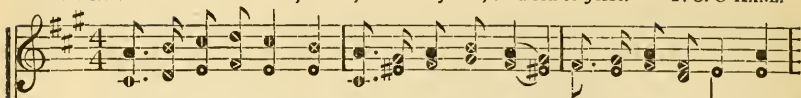
On - - - ly a veil! . . . { For soon the veil shall lift-ed be, }
On-ly a veil! We'll wipe each tear; { The gold-en ci - ty we shall see, }



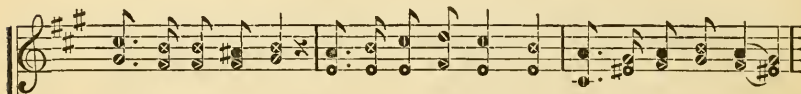
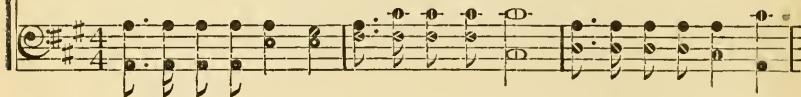
On the Lord's Side.

HAVERGAL.

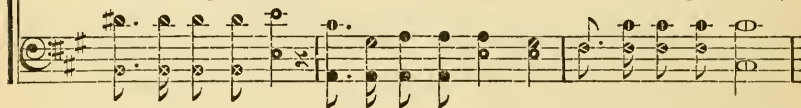
"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse." T. C. O'KANE.



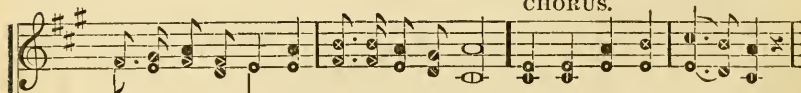
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his helpers,
2. Not for weight of glory, Not for crown and palm, En-ter we the arm-y
3. Cho-sen to be soldiers In an alien land, "Chosen, called, and faithful,



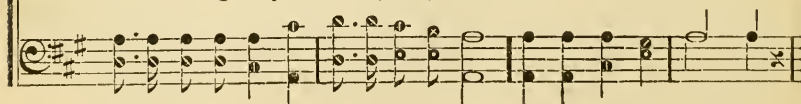
Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the warrior-psalm; But for love that claimeth Lives for whom he died,
 "For our Captain's band; In the service roy - al Let us not grow cold;



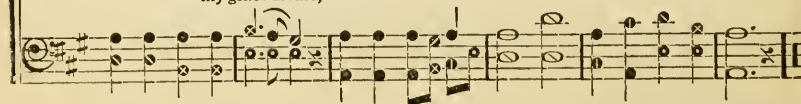
CHORUS.



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go? Joy-ful - ly en - list - ing,
 He whom Je-sus nameth Must be on his side.
 Let us be right loyal, Noble, true, and bold.



By thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are thine.
 thy grace divine,



Joy in Heaven.

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PRISCILLA J. OWENS.
*Moderato.*WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
rit.

There is joy, there is joy, There is joy in heaven:

Andante.

1. A ransomed soul re - turns, The paths of sin for - sak - ing,
2. A weep - ing sin - ner kneels, The chains of death are bro - ken,
3. No news of pain or care, The jas - per sea o'er-reach - ing,
4. O then to God re - turn, — Come back and be for - giv - en,

And while his sad heart mourns, The harps of God are wak - ing.
And soon his glad heart feels The Sav - iour's welcome spok - en.
But sweet is echoed there The con - trite heart's beseech - ing.
And soon thy heart shall learn To know the joy of heav - en.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

{ All the gold - en bells are ring - ing, } All the lov - ing an - gels say,
{ All the an - gel choirs are sing - ing, }

“There is joy in heav'n to-day, There is joy, there is joy, joy, joy to-day.”

Washed in the Blood.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. I am bowed at the cross, Washed from sin and its dross, In the all-cleansing
 2. I have come to the blood; And the Spir- it of God Pours the sin- cleansing
 3. Oh, the wonderful fount Ope'd on Calvary's mount! There believing and

blood of the Lamb; Joy and rapture are mine, Peace and comfort divine. Fully
 tide thro' my soul, Till it burns with pure love To the Saviour above, By whose
 wait - ing I am. Lo! the all-cleansing tide To my heart is applied; I am

REFRAIN.

saved thro' his mercy I am. I am washed in the blood,
 grace I am saved and made whole.
 washed in the blood of the Lamb. I am washed in the blood of the Lamb,

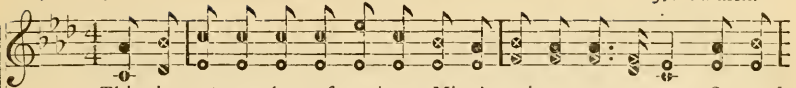
In the blood of the Lamb; Lo! the all-cleansing
 I am washed in the blood of the Lamb;

tide To my heart is applied, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

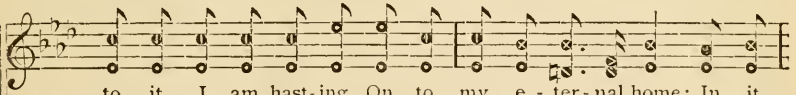
Rest Yonder.

H. BONAR.

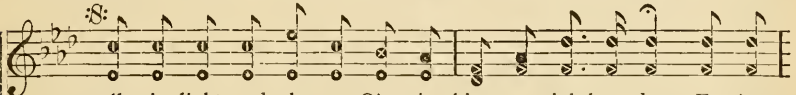
J. M. BLACK.



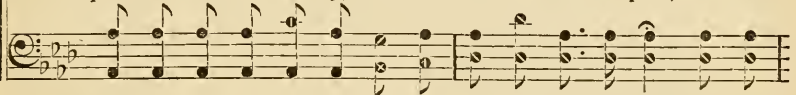
1. This is not my place of resting,—Mine's a ci - ty yet to come; Onward
2. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the stream of life along, On the



to it I am hast - ing, On to my e - ter - nal home; In it
fresh - est pastures feeds us, Turns our sigh - ing in - to song; Soon we'll



all is light and glo - ry, O'er it shins a nightless day; Ev - 'ry
pass this des - ert drea - ry, —Soon we'll bid farewell to pain, —Nev - er

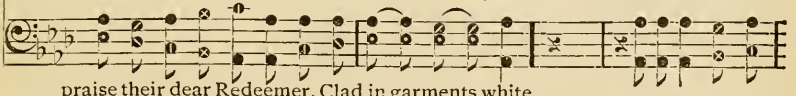


D.S.—saved of earth shall gather In that ci - ty of de - light, There to



Fine. CHORUS.

trace of sin's sad story, All the curse has pass'd away. Blessed home bright and
more be sad or weary, Never, never sin again. blessed home

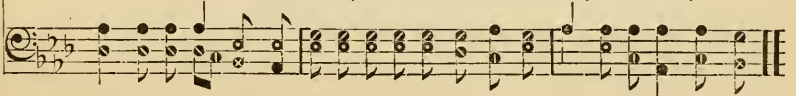


praise their dear Redeemer, Clad in garments white.



D. S.

fair, Sin can nev - - - er en - ter there; All the
bright and fair, Sin can nev - er, sin can nev - er en - ter there, en - ter there;



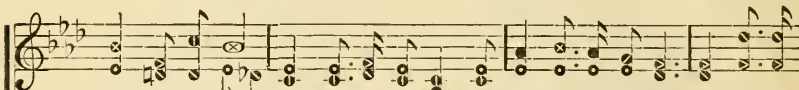
Peace in Believing.

JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



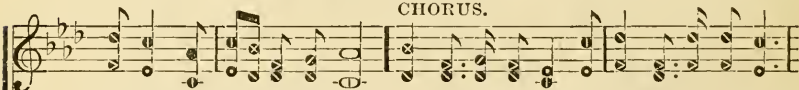
1. Peace in believ-ing the words of my Saviour, Peace in believ-ing each
2. Peace in believ-ing each moment he saves me, Peace in believ-ing his
3. Peace in believ-ing I dwell in his presence, Peace in believ-ing I
4. Peace in believ-ing when tri- als are o-ver, When in his likeness made



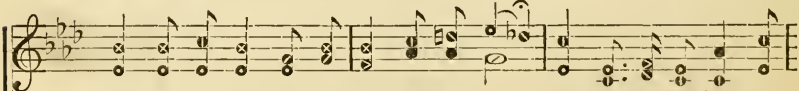
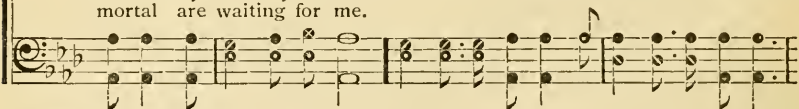
prom-ise di-vine, Peace in believ-ing the Lord is my Shepherd; Glory to
gar-ment I wear, Peace in believ-ing, whatev-er befall me, Je-sus is
walk by his side, Peace in believ-ing he will not forsake me, Tho' in the
pure I shall be; There, where no sorrow nor darkness can enter, Pleasures im-



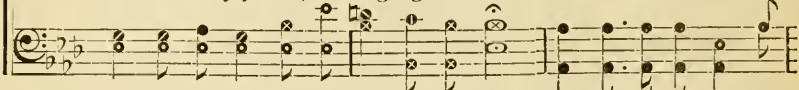
CHORUS.



Jesus! I know he is mine. Peace in believ-ing, sweet peace in believ-ing—
wait-ing to answer my prayer.
furnace my soul may be tried.
mortal are waiting for me.



Precious en-joyment, no language can tell; Peace in believ-ing, sweet



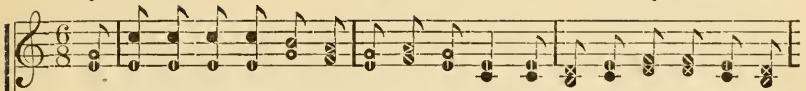
peace in believ-ing,—Grace has redeemed me; I know it full well.



As Long as I Live.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

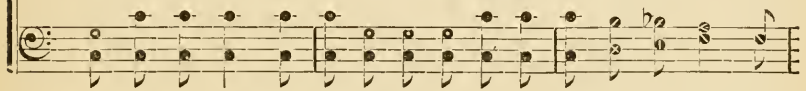
JNO. R. SWENEY.



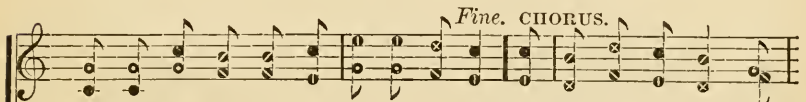
1. I sing of His mer- cy, I sing of His love, Now gone to prepare me a
2. I sing how he purchased redemption for me, How all my transgressions he
3. I sing of his goodness, I sing of his pow'r, That cleanses and keeps me each
4. I sing, and with rapture my faith wings its flight To yon blissful region all



mansion a - bove; Dear songs of my Saviour! what comfort they give! I
bore on the tree; I sing how he whispered, thy sins I for-give, And
day and each hour, I sing of his promise that grace he will give To
love - ly and bright; Oh, there, thro' eterni - ty's a - ges that roll, I'll

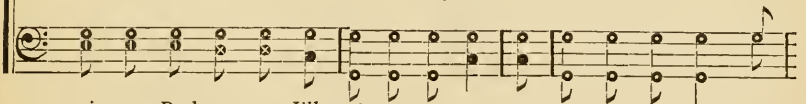


D.S.—homeward to glo-ry I journey a - long, I'll

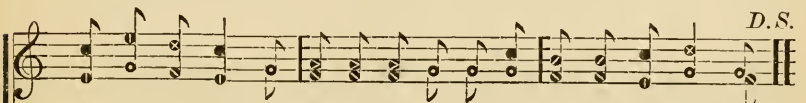


Fine. CHORUS.

sing and will sing them as long as I live. As long as I live, as
taught me to trust him as long as I live.
shield and protect me as long as I live.
sing of his mer- cy, the joy of my soul.

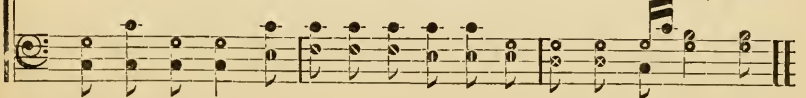


praise my Redeem - er, I'll praise him in song.



D.S.

long as I live, I'll praise my Redeemer, as long as I live; While



Happy in Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Gen - tle Saviour mine, oh, the joy di - vine, — Trusting in thy mer - cy
 2. Gen - tle Saviour mine, all my love is thine, Love that now is cling - ing,
 3. Toil - ing here be - low, wheresoe'er I go, Tar - ry, O my Sav - iour,
 4. When my spirit flies homeward to the skies, When thy face in glo - ry

flow - ing for me; 'Tis thy tender voice bids my heart rejoice; Lord, I am
 clinging to thee; All my journey 'long this shall be my song, Lord, I am
 tar - ry with me; On - ly safe am I 'neath thy watchful eye, There I am
 smil - ing I see, How my harp will ring, how my voice will sing, Lord, I am

CHORUS.

hap - py, so hap - py in thee. Leaning on thy breast sweetly now I rest,

Since, my Redeem - er, thou car - est for me; All the livelong day

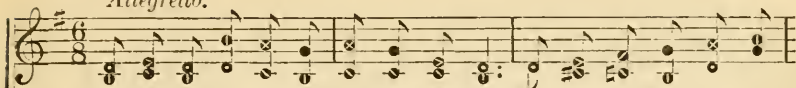
still my heart can say, Lord, I am hap - py, so hap - py in thee.

Walking with Jesus.

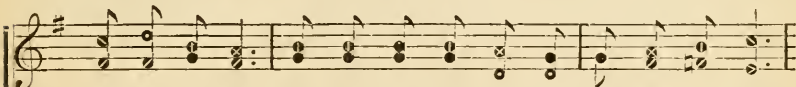
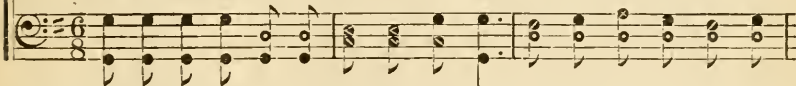
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HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.
Allegretto.

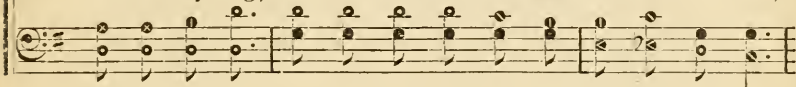
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Walking with Je - sus, my Sav - iour di - vine; Walking with Je - sus, what
2. Walking with Je - sus, in him I a - bide, Fearing no e - vil while
3. Walking with Je - sus, my faith growing strong; Walking with Je - sus, O



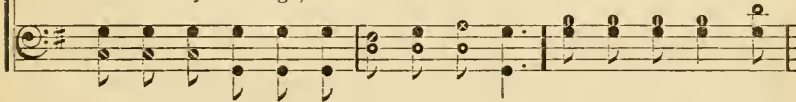
com - fort is mine; Led by his Spir - it, redeemed by his love,
close to his side; Grace for each mo - ment my Sav - iour be - stows,
sweet is my song; Bless - ed com - mun - ion with Him I a - dore;



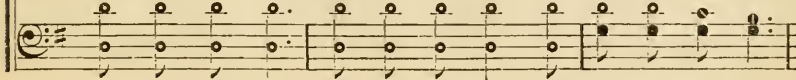
CHORUS.



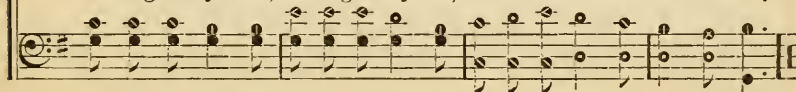
Heir to his Kingdom of glo - ry a - bove. Walking with Je - sus,
Peace like a riv - er con - tin - ual - ly flows.
He is my re - fuge, I ask for no more.



how can I stray; Walk - ing with Je - sus, bright is my way;



Walking with Je - sus, walking with Jesus, Home to the realms of endless day.



When the King comes in.

J. E. LANDOR.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where his
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo-ri-fied he who once
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both
 4. Joy-ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding

peo-ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,
 died for men; Splendid the vis-ion be-fore us then,
 friend and foe, Just what we are ev-'ry one will know,
 gar-ments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,

REFRAIN.

When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

Sacred Rest.

"For we who have believed do enter into rest."

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Heb. iv. 3.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How sweet the sacred rest it brings To nestle 'neath his shelt'ring wings,—The
 2. 'Tis rest no angel's tongue can tell; 'Tis joy untold, unspeak-a-ble, My
 3. Oh, full salvation, hallowed bliss! No creature joys compare with this Di-
 4. Oh, wondrous, condescending grace! That we may bask in his bright rays, His

Lover of my soul! "A covert" from the pelting storms, "A refuge" from life's
 Saviour's love to know; To see him smile, and hear him say, "I'll guide thro' all the
 vine, unbroken rest:—The sacred calm the soul receives, The peace of God which
 wealth of blessing prove! And lifted to the glorious height Of fellowship with

REFRAIN.

dread alarms, When raging billows roll. Oh, glo - ry be to Je - sus! How
 dang'rous way Each step that thou shalt go."
 Jesus gives, While leaning on his breast.
 saints in light, What magnitude of love!

sweetly I am blest!—In trusting my Redeemer I am finding perfect rest.

He has Come.

[Written after hearing a sermon from Chaplain McCabe, from the text, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Behold, thy King cometh!"]
 Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. He has come! He has come! My Redeemer has come! He has tak - en my
 2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord! Ev'ry thought of my
 3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart! He has given his
 4. He has come to a-bide: and ho - ly must be The place where my

heart as his own cho - sen home. At last I have giv - en the
 be - ing is swayed by his word. He has come and he reigns in the
 word that he will not depart. What trou - ble can enter; what
 Lord deigns to ban - quet with me. And this is my prayer: "Lord,

welcome he sought; He has come, and his coming all gladness has brought.
 realm of my soul, And his scep - tre is love! oh, bles - sed control!
 e - vil can come To the heart where the God of all peace has his home?
 since thou art come, Make meet for thy presence my heart as thy home!"

CHORUS.

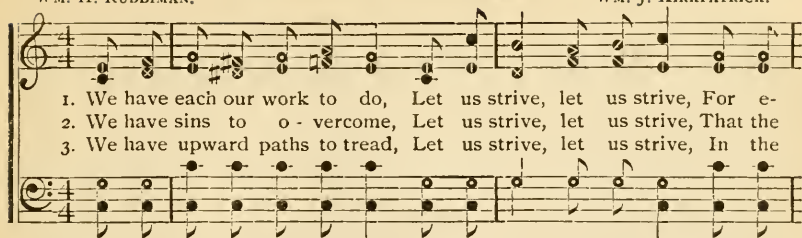
He has come! He has come! My Redeemer, my Redeem-er has
 He has come! He has come! My Redeem-er, my Redeemer, my Re-

come! His presence is heav'n, My heart is his home! My Redeemer has come!
 deemer has come!

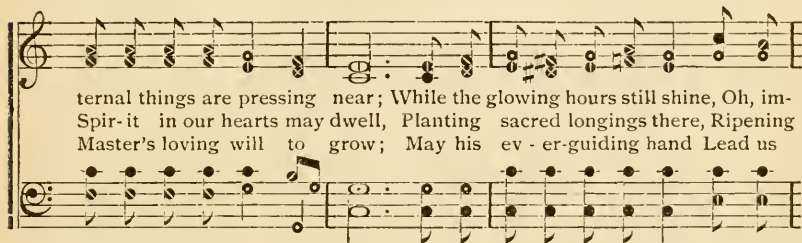
Our Way of Duty.

WM. H. RUDDIMAN,

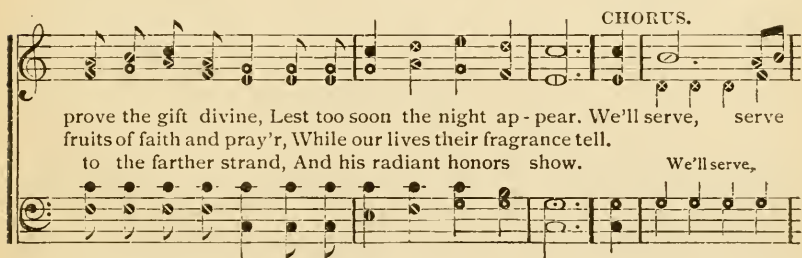
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We have each our work to do, Let us strive, let us strive, For e-
2. We have sins to o - vercome, Let us strive, let us strive, That the
3. We have upward paths to tread, Let us strive, let us strive, In the

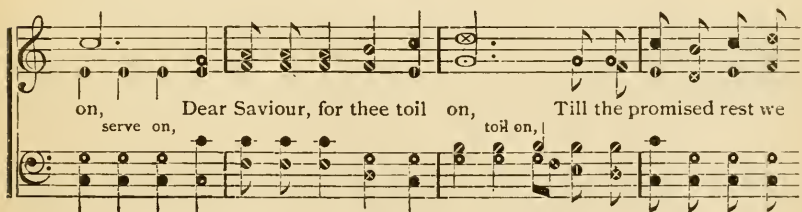


ternal things are pressing near; While the glowing hours still shine, Oh, im-
Spir-it in our hearts may dwell, Planting sacred longings there, Ripening
Master's loving will to grow; May his ev - er-guiding hand Lead us

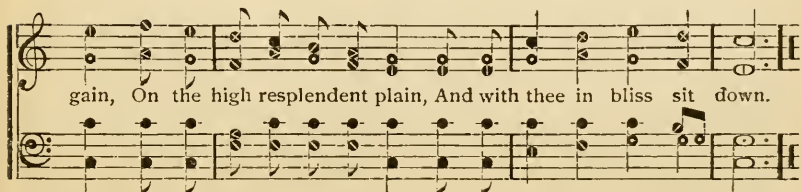


CHORUS.

prove the gift divine, Lest too soon the night ap - pear. We'll serve, serve
fruits of faith and pray'r, While our lives their fragrance tell.
to the farther strand, And his radiant honors show. We'll serve,



on, serve on, Dear Saviour, for thee toil on, Till the promised rest we
toil on,

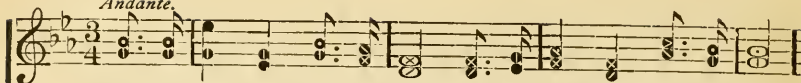


gain, On the high resplendent plain, And with thee in bliss sit down.

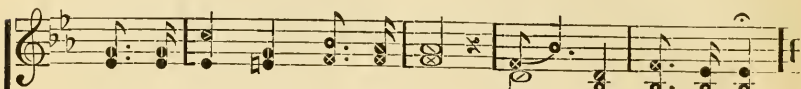
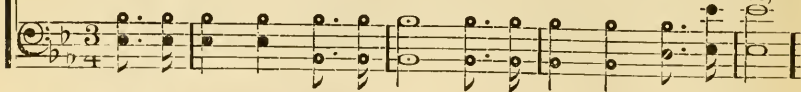
Saviour, Comfort Me.

By per.

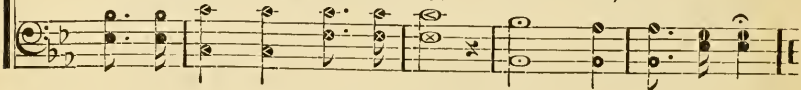
JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

1. In the dark and cloud-y day, When earth's riches flee a-way,
2. When the se-cret i-dol's gone That my poor heart yearned upon,
3. Thou who wast so sore-ly tried, In the dark-ness cru-ci-fied,
4. So it shall be good for me Much af-lict-ed now to be,



- And the last hope will not stay, Sav-iour, com-fort me.
 Des-o-late, be-reft, a-lone, Sav-iour, com-fort me.
 Bid me in thy love con-fide, Sav-iour, com-fort me.
 If thou wilt but ten-der-ly, Sav-iour, com-fort me.



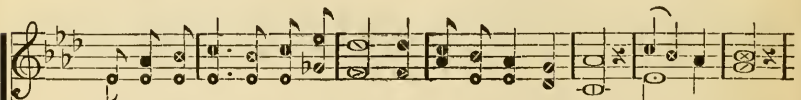
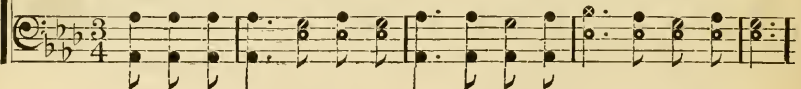
In Thy Hand.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

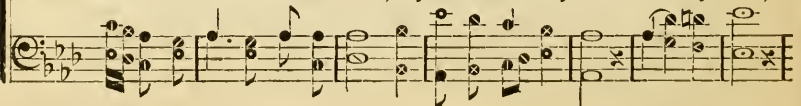
T. C. O'KANE.



1. I take my pil-grim staff a-new, Life's path untrodden to pur-sue,
2. Thy smile alone makes moments bright, That smile turns darkness into light;
3. A few more days, a few more years: Oh, then a bright reverse appears;
4. That hand my steps will gently guide To the dark brink of Jordan's tide,



- Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,
 This thought will soothe grief's saddest night, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,
 Then I shall no more say, with tears, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,
 - Then bear me to the heavenward side, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,



in thy hand, Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view, My times are in thy hand.
 in thy hand, This thought will soothe grief's saddest night, My times are in thy hand.
 in thy hand, When I shall no more say, with tears, My times are in thy hand.
 in thy hand, Then bear me to the heavenward side, My times are in thy hand.

Jesus Loves the Little Ones.

H. W. M.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones, Calls them to come near; Watches o'er them
 2. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones, Gives them food and friends; Grace for lifetime
 3. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones, Guides their steps aright; Shields them all the

CHORUS.

ev-'ry day, On from year to year. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones,
 while it lasts, Glo-ry when it ends.
 bu-sy day, Guards their bed at night.

Yes, yes, yes; All who come to him by prayer He loves to bless.

4 Jesus loves the little ones,
 Bears their sin and care;
 Loves to hear them lisp his name
 In his praise or prayer.

5 Jesus loves the little ones,
 Wheresoe'er they roam;
 Then he takes them when they die
 To his heavenly home.

He invites You to-day.

C. E. L.

C. E. LESLIE.

1. Sin - ner, come, will you come, To the Lamb that was slain,
 2. There's a work to be done, There's a cross you should bear;
 3. You have friends who have gone To that ha - ven of rest,

Will you come to his arms, He will cleanse ev - 'ry stain.
 There's a crown to be won, There's a glo - ry to share.
 Whom you promised to meet In the land of the blest.

REFRAIN.

He in - vites you to - day, Do not, then, stay a - way,

Bless - ed be the Lord! He in - vites you to - day. *Fine.*

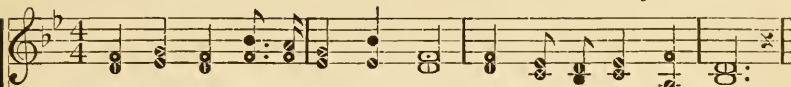
Bless - ed be the Lord! Bless - ed be the Lord *D.S.*

Jesus will Save You now.

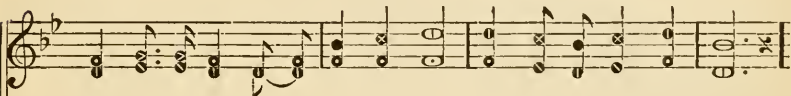
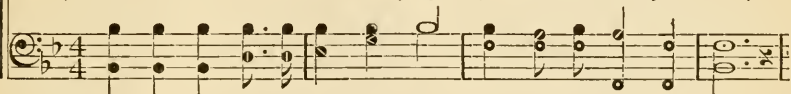
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HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



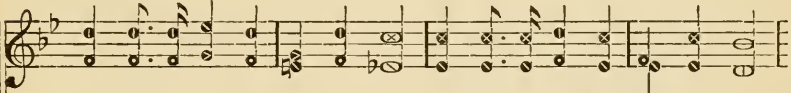
1. Come, oh, come to the ark of rest,— Je - sus will save you now;
2. Come, oh, come to the ark of grace,— Je - sus will save you now;
3. Come, oh, come to the ark of love,— Je - sus will save you now;
4. Who'll be first to a-rise for prayer? Je - sus will save you now;



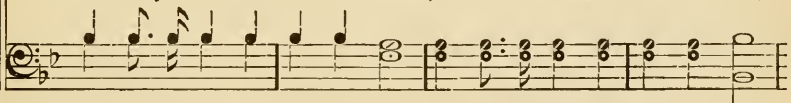
Come, with the weight of your guilt oppressed, Je - sus will save you now.
Haste to his arms and his dear embrace, Je - sus will save you now.
Come, like the worn and wea - ry dove, Je - sus will save you now.
Who'll be the first the cross to bear? Je - sus will save you now.



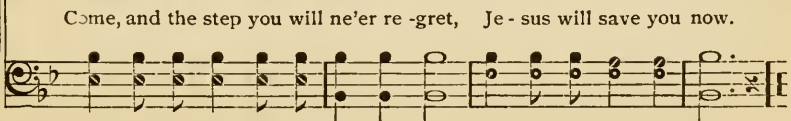
CHORUS.



Come while your cheeks with tears are wet, Come ere the star of life shall set,



Come, and the step you will ne'er re - gret, Je - sus will save you now.



1. Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
 3. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the

me abide! When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh,
 pass a-way; Change and decay in all around I see; O thou who changest not
 tempter's pow'r? Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-
 shine, Lord,

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me!
 a-bide with me!

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! [flee;

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

The Tranquil Hours.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The. tran- qu'il hours steal by On drow - sy wings and slow, And
 2. No gath - ring clouds I see, I hear no ris - ing blast, I
 3. Yet wheth - er so or not, O Lord, thou knowest best, This

o - ver all the peace - ful sky The stars of even - ing glow.
 fold my tired hands rest - ful - ly, As though all storms were past.
 night let ev - 'ry anxious thought And trem - bling fear have rest.

ad lib.

4 This night I will lie down
 In peace beneath thine eye;
 Nor heed what ills unseen may frown,
 Since thou art ever nigh.

5 I will lie down to sleep,
 From every terror free;
 Nor wake to tremble or to weep,
 Secure, O Lord, in thee!

1882

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